AND THE LORD GOD SENT THEM FORTH FROM THE GARDEN [C. B. I. Jacob

THE

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SHAKESPEARE AND HIS AGE*

When Shakespeare's plays were collected, after his death, the most famous poet then alive, Ben Jonson, contributed a rhyming preface; and among other things he said this: 'He was not of an age, but for all time.' High praise: and half of it is true. There is no doubt that Shakespeare is 'for all time'. So long as there is anyone in the world who can speak or read English, there will be someone who reads Shakespeare; and even if English were to die out, Shakespeare would live on, obscured but not extinguished, in the languages that survived. This is not sentimental enthusiasm; it is a plain fact. But Ben Jonson said also that Shakespeare was not of an age, which could only mean that he owed nothing to his contemporaries, that his work was unaffected by the circumstances in which he lived, and that later generations could understand him thoroughly without asking when, where, why, or how, he wrote. And that is not true. For a long time people did read Shakespeare without asking these questions. For two hundred years, for example, no one tried seriously to find out when the different plays were written. The collected edition of 1623 begins with *The Tempest,* which was just about the last of the plays; and next to *The Tempest* it gives *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* which was written nearly twenty years earlier. *The Tempest* brings to us all the fruits of wisdom and maturity: *The Two Gentlemen* has all the virtues, and a good many of the failings, of youth. For two centuries no one saw the difference; at least no one paid any attention to it. But for a century now, the third century since Shakespeare's death, one generation of scholars after another has been studying Shakespeare's plays historically; the first object, and the first important result, being to arrange them in the order in which they were composed. And this is an immense gain.

Some writers don't change much. The other day I read a new book by a famous novelist, and it was just the kind of book he was putting out forty years ago. But such writers are not the best. You can almost estimate the greatness of a man of letters by the amount of difference between his first book and his last: especially I think in poetry. Keats died at twenty-six, when he had been writing for five years; but in those five years he developed more than most writers have done in fifty.

* Broadcast from the Madras Station of All-India Radio on 4th October 1942 and published by kind permission.

Well, thanks to the historical study of Shakespeare, we can, so to speak, watch him developing; and it is extraordinarily interesting. He doesn't seem to have started writing till he was nearly thirty (if he had died at the same age as Keats, we should never have heard of him): yet his plays and poems reveal him as one who lived life to the full at every stage. At first he is gay and thoughtless, loves excitement and pageantry, and is much inclined to show off. He grows into a quick-witted and sensitive observer of life in all its shapes and colours; serene, wise, tolerant; quick at detecting any pretence or any ignorance of self, but more ready to laugh at it than to feel contempt or anger, and also quick to respond to anything beautiful or tender or pathetic. Then for a time he is a perplexed and unhappy man, obsessed by the meanness, dirt and cruelty that men (and women) are capable of, and stirred to rise above this bad mood only by the spectacle of courage or kindness shown in extreme adversity. And in the end, as an old man (old before his time, for he gave up writing before he was fifty), he is serene in a different way, detached and a little tired; still only too conscious that people can be very wicked, but less pre-occupied with this wickedness and more ready to believe that it can be cured by wise and generous treatment: he seems to be looking down on the whole world from a mountain-top. You must know Jaques' famous speech in *As You Like It* about the Seven Ages of Man:

> 'All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players.
> They have their exits and their entrances,
> And one man in his time plays many parts—

a 'strange eventful history'. You feel like that when you consider Shakespeare's plays all together. You feel like a dull stay-at-home person meeting a traveller who is always saying ' 'When I was in Patagonia' or 'I remember once in Vladivostock'. A poet has called Shakespeare 'the circumnavigator of the soul'.

That's one of the fruits of the historical study of Shakespeare. He turns out to be a man living a full and varied life, ranging through human experience as an eagle soars through the air. But there is nothing monstrous about the story; it is all natural and human.

There are many other gains also. We know how his theatre was built (it was very different from modern theatres, in England or in India), and how the plays were performed; we know what his manuscripts were like (very untidy and illegible, and the spelling terrible); we know how they found their way into print, and why they were printed so badly, and we have a good many ideas about how the misprints came about. There is even a whole book about Shakespeare's punctuation. And as for his language, there is now the Oxford English Dictionary, which for Shakespeare especially has not only added to our knowledge, but has multiplied it.

Shakespeare then is not a beautiful voice speaking out of a mist: he is a man, and a man very knowable. Poets may usefully be divided into those who always know what they are going to do next, and those who allow themselves to drift downstream and to yield to every wind that blows. Shakespeare was pre-eminently of the yielding type. He had what Keats called

'negative capability': he was sensitive, impressionable, easy to get on with, impossible to shock, inexhaustibly interested in the world and in all who inhabit it, always asking questions and never laying down the law, drawing out the opinions of others oftener than expressing his own. Mackail quotes an obscure nineteenth-century painter, James Smetham, as saying: 'Shakespeare was like putty to everybody and everything: the willing slave, pulled out, patted down, squeezed anyhow, clay to every potter. But he knew by the plastic hand what the nature of the moulder was.' And when Bradley says that Shakespeare in boyhood would have been found reading *The Arabian Nights* rather than *The Three Musketeers*, we know exactly what he means.

I have heard W. B. Yeats saying in praise of J. M. Synge: 'He roamed up and down the world without the faintest desire to do anyone the slightest good.' Shakespeare too was no reformer; he found people as they are so fascinating, that he never thought whether they should be made different. He didn't chalk out a grand programme for himself, like Milton, who had decided that he must be a great poet, and knew how it was to be done, at the age of nine. Shakespeare had been in the theatre some years before he began writing, and when he did begin he was content to patch up and disguise old plays anonymously. When he proceeded, later, to make plays of his own, he copied the successes of other men; to the end he was a great and shameless borrower, like Molière, who said: 'I take what belongs to me wherever I find it.' He did not choose his subjects; he let his audiences choose, giving them what they wanted. Sir Walter Scott was like Shakespeare at more points than any other writer has been, and he spoke for Shakespeare when he said, 'No one shall find me rowing against the stream. I care not who knows it, I write for general amusement.' The earnest artist who regards himself as the school-master and benefactor of mankind, and scorns the common folk who won't take an interest in his work, would have made Shakespeare laugh. Poetry came easily to him; it was his way of making a living. But once he was started, it caught him up, and he did not rest till he was pouring out everything he had. If he gave people what they wanted, he gave them a great deal more into the bargain. As Sir Walter Raleigh says, 'The audience asked for bloodshed, and he gave them *Hamlet*. They asked for foolery, and he gave them *King Lear*.' The richest gifts ever offered to the English people were offered in no haughty spirit, but out of sympathy and fellow-feeling. Shakespeare did not write down to the common people, because he did not feel that he was above them; he gave them of his best, and they responded worthily.

Shakespeare was a man, and he lived among men, sharing very fully the social life of his time. Mackail doubts whether we ought to talk about the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth. At least they were very active days. In 1590, when Shakespeare began writing, religion, politics, manners, the language, were all being remade from day to day; medicine, law, astronomy were being re-founded; painting was making great strides forward; architecture, poetry, and music were all new and all most glorious. England had just defeated Spain, could breathe again, and look round the world freely; and the world had just been opened up for the first time by heroes, pirates,

and commercial travellers. A lively young man in London breathed in adventure, ambition, hope, and boundless curiosity. And Shakespeare, so immediately and faithfully responsive all round, took it in at a gulp. A poor, obscure provincial, we find him the intimate friend of Southampton, who was the friend of Essex, who was the friend (too much so, perhaps!) of the Queen herself; and in his early plays he shows us men like them, brilliant, bold, irresponsible, without a wish in the world, unless they are in love or in a battle, except to be thought wittier than their neighbours. Yet he knows all other classes equally well, their feelings, their interests, their work. The only other man who can show us society from top to bottom in the same way is Scott.

One of the most interesting books about Shakespeare is *Shakespeare's England,* published for the three hundredth anniversary of his death in 1916. The aim of the editors was to describe the background of the plays, so as to explain the references in them to contemporary life. Two portly volumes are needed, and thirty essays by specialists. As you read your way through all this, you begin to wonder whether there was anything in England that Shakespeare did not know, and understand, and love. And you feel that if you are really to understand Shakespeare, you must also study practically everything else as well. Shakespeare didn't write in a vacuum; and he can't be read in a vacuum either.

J. R. MACPHAIL.

I FALL IN LOVE

BY M. PANCHAPPA, *Class II, Gr. i-a.*

My heart was beating violently. My whole frame was quivering with intense delight. For some twenty feet in front of me there was that girl standing and staring at me.

She had come to our class only the previous day. And I had fallen in love with her at first sight. She was so charming. And now we were looking at each other. I felt like falling on my knees to worship her, to tell her how much I loved her and how sublime that love was. But fate had not ordained it thus. The college bell was ringing and I could have no time for love.

All the day I argued with myself as to the best course of action. Though I very much wanted to write to her declaring my love, I decided to wait for a surer sign of her preference (I felt that her staring at me certainly showed that I was someone for her and not a nobody. Still I feared all that might be nothing but my own fancy).

A few days later I again met her at a students' dinner. Though I tried hard, I could not get myself seated anywhere near her. Still I found that I could look at her all through the dinner from where I sat. And more than that she too could see me. But unfortunately I got so interested in the dishes that I completely forgot her. Somehow after sometime I suddenly remembered her and I was thoroughly ashamed of myself for thus caring more for sweet dishes and such earthly things, than for that sweet ethereal beauty, looking at whom and drinking at whose reservoir of comeliness, certainly excelled all other pleasures that a human being can reasonably expect to enjoy. So, I glanced at her and, my goodness! she too was looking at me! No one who has not gone through that experience of first love can ever realize the state of my heart then. It was beating violently, of course, and though not in a gaseous state it had flown high, and very high above all this gross earth.

From that day onwards I always tried to meet her; and mostly I found her staring at me. Then I was in high spirits all the day. Her beautiful eyes looking at me produced such a thrill of joy that I could, only with great difficulty, refrain from giving 'three leaps in the air and go on singing' like a mad March-hare but still there were times, though very rare, when she would not even look at me. At such times I would feel a perfect vacuum in my heart, and nothing would interest me. Even the throbbing-with-life lectures would seem 'dryasdust'. And all through the day till I found her again looking at me, I would suffer a sort of indefinable pain. And no wonder I had grown so thin with all these fluctuations between hope and despair, and joy and sorrow that even my little sister Ratna, who had once declared that I had grown very very fat, considerably modified her statement. And the only reason for this was that I could not bring myself to write to her and thus end that miserable uncertainty.

So the next term found me a different man and there was more sunshine for me, her eyes being more active. It was as if I had drunk some elixir of courage and enterprise (for surely love is an enterprise and needs courage). In fifteen days the shy boy had grown into a bold dashing man determined to have her whom he loved. And so I decided to write to her.

One fine Saturday morning after great and strenuous efforts I was able to bring into being a love-letter more poignant, more full of feeling and adoration than any inspired so far in that madly delicious history of the human heart. In that letter I told her how different this my love for her was from all other pseudo-attachments of my fellow-beings: how with her love I would bravely face the world and live a life that would make all the world dumb with astonishment and admiration and how we would care for no further heaven all through our life—And all that!

I would post the letter at three in the afternoon and the next morning I would receive—I could not, I dared not think further. So with the calmness of a man who was prepared for the best or the worst, I went to college. I heard some clock strike twelve. Three hours more! And I would have put my everything to win or to lose. For surely a man's happiness, his everything depended on the girl he loved. A hasty toss of her head, he would be miserable for ever. That day Father Time was of course very slow and two hours seemed like two years. At about half-past two I went to my room and brought the letter.

As I entered the college I heard a sweet ringing laugh which I at once recognised as hers. And suddenly I heard her mention my name. I felt my heart stop a bit. That was really a pleasant shock. So I stopped to hear her out, and she said to her friend, 'I say, have you seen that boy? (What, only a boy!) I can't help staring at him whenever I pass him. His nose is so queer, you know!'

THE POST-WAR WORLD

By S. T. Ranganathan, *Class II, Gr. ii.*

War, like the classical Justice, is blind. It is taking a tremendous toll in lives and property from the Axis and Allied nations alike. It is daily increasing in intensity and gathering into its vortex the whole of humanity in one way or another. It is changing our sense of values. It is altering the characteristic features of nations; in short, the face of humanity is undergoing a rapid metamorphosis.

Already people have begun to talk about the post-war world. Men like Roosevelt, Nehru, Hitler and Churchill—differing almost irreconcilably in aims and ideals—talk with a remarkable similarity about the New World Order which is to come into being at the end of the war. Under circumstances savouring of melodrama, the Atlantic Charter has been signed. President Roosevelt, with characteristic large-heartedness, has propounded the Four Aims. Nor has the Fuehrer lagged behind his enemies; in his latest address to the Reichstag, Hitler has devoted considerable space to the new order which is to be inaugurated in Europe by a victorious Germany! The bewildering mass of utterances on the 'New World Order' is, to say the least, staggering to the man in the street. Yet in view of the vital importance of the post-war world order to both layman and expert, it is worthwhile analysing and understanding the conditions that can safely be relied on to make for a really stable new order.

The largest and most potent dividing factor in the world to-day is exploitation; for exploitation whether political, economic or religious presupposes two classes, one to exploit and the other to be exploited. So long as there are rich and poor, strong and weak, great and small, there is bound to be exploitation. Any system for a better and happier world must therefore reckon with this evil force, and unless it is finally buried there cannot be any lasting peace, for the end of exploitation will, by sheer force of logic, mean the end of imperialism, capitalism and inequality.

Another thing to be put an end to immediately and definitely too, is the prostitution of science. Science, which has been and is being revealed to man to enable him to build a saner, happier and brighter world, has now been ignobly harnessed for the production of weapons of war which rain death and destruction on countless masses. The potentialities of science, both for good and evil, are illimitable, and none can forecast the heights to which man can rise on the wings of science. To rescue science from the labyrinth of darkness and chaos must therefore be the mission of those that wish to set about establishing a better world order.

On the positive side, we have to re-learn the art of simplicity. With the march of civilisation, our wants are increasing both in number and complexity. Tagore in his *Crescent Moon* puts the following words in the mouth of a father:—

'Little child, how glad you are in playing with a broken little twig, the whole morning! I yearn after things that I know I can never get and in my vain search forget that I too am playing a game!'

A more telling epitome of modern life, it is very difficult to find. A simple life, with just the minimum necessaries, led in communion with Mother Nature must therefore be the ideal of a better world order.

Lastly, we have got to come back to God. In admiring the creature, we have lost sight of the Creator. Like the prodigal son, we have strayed away from the parental lap. The philosophy of implicit faith in the Almighty and His Love which was soul-satisfying to our forefathers, we have to reassimilate. The great Soviet Republic is a living example of the insufficiency, in times of crisis, of a system that has not taken into account the mightiest, yet loving, the most powerful, yet protective Force, which man calls God. Unless, therefore, the New World Order is based on the broad and sure foundations of men's love of one another, of nature and of God, it is bound to crumble like the Biblical house built on sand and no amount of props in the form of 'Atlantic Charters' and 'Four Freedoms' can stay its fall!

MOVEMENT UNDER WATER

BY K. GEORGE, *5 Hons., Br. vii.*

I'd lief live in the caverns of the deeps
Below seas unsailed
Where plummet sounds not or sunbeam peeps;
Caverns of coral
Or enchanted rock with pearl-strewn floors
Of maroon or sorrel
And tortuous ways 'midst scabrous walls
With turquoise stones inlaid.

There the mermaid sits with hectic eyes
And looks for her merman
Gone out hunting the barracouta;
The little ones too are out
To catch anchovies and hug salmons
Too lovely to be killed.

But what troubles me is this, that I can never
Imagine moving in the deep with the swift motion
I am capable of on land or in air;
There is no firmness of step on that ocean floor,
I can scarcely run, and it will take years and æons
To walk a furlong.

Hence I am content if mermen and mermaids reign there,

DR. WILLIAM SKINNER

I

THE LATER YEARS

Returning from furlough in August 1890, Dr. Skinner found Dr. Miller, in spite of his only partial recovery of strength and his inability to take his full share in the teaching work of the College, engaged in the task of strengthening the position of the college in its relation to the people around. He was writing College Notes in the Magazine, and was publishing a College Calendar which contained, among other items, a list of those who had graduated from the College. A powerful link forged by the former students between themselves and the College was the College Day Association. Apart from these organisational activities, Dr. Miller felt the necessity of elucidating in the realm of thought and faith the relation of the College to the beliefs and social life of the Hindu community. He delivered accordingly series of lectures on this subject. There was, besides, the need to answer the critics of higher education in general and missionary education in particular. During all these years of clarifications and controversies, Dr. Skinner applied himself with intense concentration of purpose inspired by faith to the discharge of his duties in the College as Professor of English and of Mental and Moral Science, finding enough personal and social contacts in the Societies and Hostels of the College.

These were with Dr. Skinner a kind of 'years of silence' like those of the Master in His workshop where He laboured hard and reflected deeply—thinking aloud sometimes—on all He saw and heard.

When in 1895 Dr. Miller had to go home on furlough owing to failure of health Dr. Skinner was appointed to act as Principal of the College. This office, whose duties had grown in multitude and variety in the course of more than a quarter of a century, he accepted with great reluctance. It was no easy thing, he thought, to fill Dr. Miller's place in the College. But God does not use a workman of one type at the same job always. He raises new men for new jobs according to the needs of each succeeding generation. I remember Dr. Skinner teaching the Book of Joshua in the B.A. junior class of which I was a member, and discussing at length the various circumstances which constituted the Call of Joshua, along with the promptings of God's spirit which urged him to enter upon the task of conquest and consolidation. 'Be strong, be strong, be strong and of good courage.' Moses would not always be available. As a matter of fact, apart from his illness which necessitated frequent giving up of regular College work, Dr. Miller's services were required by the Church at home for the moderatorship of the General Assembly, and the need was great for enlightening the constituency of the College both at home and in India, about its educational methods and spiritual aims. It was a wise and loving ordering of the Great Spirit which guards and directs the destinies of the College that Dr. Miller was always near by, though not quite near, to watch and co-operate as best he could. Thus it happened that the process of transition and transfer from the full-time Principalship of Dr. Miller to the full shouldering of the duties and responsibilities of the

Principal by Dr. Skinner was spread over more than a decade. This took place, as it were, naturally and without the change being noticed or felt at the time. Within the walls of the college and so far as the students were concerned, the Principal was Dr. Skinner, and for the outside world Dr. Miller was the principal of the Christian College. Thus was secured almost imperceptibly not only the continuity but the development of the principles and traditions of the College.

Between 1895 and 1907 when Dr. Miller was ordered to leave India for the improvement of his eye-sight—except during his second furlough in 1896 when Dr. Cooper acted in the office—Dr. Skinner was virtually the Principal of the college. With the retirement of Dr. Cooper in 1899, Dr. Skinner's share in the teaching of Mental and Moral Science was considerably increased, while at the same time he began more and more fully to respond to demands over and above his normal duties.

As a first item in maintaining the discipline of the college the Attendance Roll of each class was brought everyday for checking and for necessary action in the case of absentees. The strict enforcement of rules was a chief ingredient in Dr. Skinner's discipline. He felt that upon this practice of nursing regularity and punctuality of attendance depended both the intellectual and moral efficiency of the College. This gave Dr. Skinner the opportunity of knowing every student in every class at first by name and then by other particulars, and every student knew thereby that he and his movements were watched with the eye of one interested in keeping him in the straight path. Dr. Skinner was the terror of truants and stragglers, as he was also the encouraging friend of every one who sought to do well. Our students felt that they had in their Principal a friend who meant well, however severely he might reprove or chastise. It was this confidence in his justice and goodwill, that made his discipline not only salutary but something to be remembered with pleasure. His appeal was to both the intellect and conscience. He convinced before he convicted. His reproof left no sting because it was both curative and soothing like the Balm of Gilead. Is it generally realised that 'discipline' is connected with 'disciple'? Dr. Skinner's discipline was of the kind which a *Guru* would exercise over his disciples, for whose welfare and progress in life and character he was responsible, and who felt anything wrong which they did as an aching wound in his heart. Dr. Meston in presiding over the leave-taking meeting of the College Hostels in 1919 said, 'If a student could have gone from a meeting in one of the hostels where heat und unworthy feeling had been displayed to Dr. Skinner's study, and had there watched him as an invisible spectator, he would have seen what would have sobered him. If only the students knew how deeply some of these experiences went home to Dr. Skinner's heart, they would have realised that in all such ebullitions Dr. Skinner suffered vicariously, and it is through vicarious suffering that life is won.' It is through the exercise of such moral and spiritual forces and not through a mechanical exercise of authority that Dr. Skinner was able to secure the generous loyalty, proud submission and dignified obedience of his students. His approach and his presence were enough to restore order where it was all noise and confusion. Silence travelled before

him, and a look halted a student and compelled self-examination. Thus it was that in the College the common sense of most was able to hold a fretful realm in awe.

One of the first functions which Dr. Skinner assumed as Principal was that of Chief Superintendent of all the hostels of the College. This function he valued for the close and constant contact it gave him with the residents therein. In replying to the addresses presented to him by the several hostels on the eve of his retirement he mentioned the reasons for his special interest in them. For one thing the hostel system owed its inauguration to Dr. Miller. Moreover the hostels of the college were contemporaneous with his own connection with the college; and last, not least he regarded them as an important part of the College.

'I have always felt,' he said, 'that in the hostels I have come more than anywhere else to the heart of the college life. For the college is a living organism. Now, of this throbbing volcanic life the hostels are the centre, and no one connected with the college, least of all the Principal, can fail to be drawn towards them as far as he wishes to keep in contact with what is deepest in the life of the college and to respond rightly to the influences that are at work in it. In that respect I feel I owe as much to the hostels as they have ever owed to me. The hostels therefore are very much a part of the college. I am anxious you should remember that, so that you may not be liable in your corporate capacity to do anything that might bring into question your position as loyal students of the college. And while it is in the hostels that the college can do most to help its students, it is also in the hostels that the students can do most to help the college, help it by contributing towards its common life, a body of men thoroughly imbued with its traditions, standing in intimate touch with its inmost spirit and purpose, and who may be depended upon in all things to maintain the honour and good name of the college to which they belong.'

The Halls in Tambaram are the heirs and successors of the old Hostels in the City (alas, the buildings have now lost their original character!) and it is good for their residents to know how much of care and affection were bestowed upon the nursing of the parental institutions, and the creation of the traditions handed down through them.

A problem which Dr. Skinner had to meet and try to solve in the course of his Principalship was the attitude which the college should take towards the reaction of the students of the college to the National movement in India. Much excitement prevailed among our students when Babu Bepin Chandra Pal came to Madras in 1906 and delivered a series of addresses to rouse the political consciousness of the people. When during the Great European War Mrs. Annie Besant started the Home Rule movement her eloquent addresses had a powerful effect upon the minds of our students and tended to divert their attention from their studies. This situation which caused grave concern among educationists was handled with much skill and sympathy by Dr. Skinner. At the prize giving functions of 1917 and 1918, he discussed the question with his characteristic frankness and fullness.

What is it that we are trying to do through the various activities of the College, asked Dr. Skinner, and proceeded to answer the question.

'We are trying to maintain in efficiency an institution in which those who come to it for training may acquire not only the intellectual equipment but those habits and dispositions, those convictions and those attitudes towards life, which will enable them to play a useful and honourable part as citizens of India. There is one element of difficulty which in particular I cannot ignore, for the

aspirations of India cannot but find an echo in the hearts of our young men, and everything that serves to cast a chill upon these aspirations must needs hurt them to the quick. That is inevitable. It cannot be otherwise, and the first requirement of those who would mould by education the rising generation of India at the present time, a time so full of interest, so fraught with forward-looking vision, is a large hearted and generous sympathy towards the life that is stirring throughout the land, a sympathy devoid of every taint of patronage, a sympathy which cares only to understand to feel, to enter into the life which it seeks to guide and in so doing can discard if need be many preconceived ideas and established modes of action. For the sympathy of which I have spoken is just the sympathy of Christ; and if we are true to Him and to the call He has addressed to us, it will never be ours to crush and restrain generous aspiration, rather it will be our constant endeavour to nourish it and cherish it, and God helping us, to mould it to the highest issues for the good of India and for the good of the world.

This is not altogether strange, and it may even be that our educational system is partly at fault in the matter. But with good will on both sides mistakes in that respect will gradually be rectified, and meanwhile remember that nothing is so fatal to the fulness and joy and stability of life as a premature or lawless exercise of the faculties of manhood. Youth is the season of preparation, and the wise man is he who in silence and self-restraint allows his faculties of body and mind to grow to maturity, and only then with powers untainted and conserved, assumes the final responsibilities which human life brings with it. Think on these things, and when you are tempted to pass beyond the limitations which your age and standing as students impose upon you, remember that these limitations are not designed as arbitrary encroachments on your liberty, but are limitations designed by old experience to safeguard all that is most precious in you, while you grow into the fulness of the stature of perfect men in God.

It was this capacity of Dr. Skinner to raise questions of the hour and of local significance to the height of eternal principles of wide and universal application which gave his utterances their power over the growing minds and eager hearts of the young men in his charge.

In the second address above referred to, Dr. Skinner discussed the political movement which was going on all around, comprising Home Rule agitation on the one hand and the announcement of Constitutional Reform by Mr. Montagu on the other. He described the task before the leaders as that of maintaining throughout a vast continent embracing a bewildering variety of interests, modes of thougt and types of civilisation, a Government capable of enforcing law and order, a Government which must command the support and co-operation of all classes of people and which must therefore be so directed as to secure the welfare and advancement, not of this or that section of the community but of every section in equal degree.

Addressing the students as the future citizens of India, Dr. Skinner said that it was far from the purpose of the college to isolate them from the healthy influences of national life. There was danger, of course, lest their interest in public movements, in which they recognized the voice of their Motherland should become so engrossing as to divert their minds from those tasks and studies on the prosecution of which their future serviceableness depended, should incapacitate them for sober thought and impartial judgment, and induce in their minds a restlessness and impatience of authority, which might lead them to overstep the limitations which youth and inexperience rightly imposed upon them.

'When we claim your loyalty for the college we claim it in the name of your country. The college is not a political institution. It is a *national* institution. It does not stand for any one party or any one community; it stands for the whole, the foster-mother of ideals apart from which political life becomes a mere scramble for place and power.'

There were so few events in Dr. Skinner's life, though great events were taking place around him. His life was one of silent evolution in which his powers of head and heart unfolded themselves under the stimulus of the duties he was called on to perform as Professor and Principal of the college. He had to place himself in living relation to the students of the college, present and past, and observe and guide the team of Professors, Lecturers and Pandits and keep the complex machinery of the college organization going steadily without friction or dislocation. If the making of the time-table was a task which not a little taxed his powers of adjustment, the watching of its being worked regularly and punctually demanded no less his most steady attention. Any laxity in the matter was immediately taken notice of and dealt with so as to prevent repetition.

The only outside institution with which he was connected, and in whose affairs he took a steady practical interest, was almost of necessity the University of Madras of which he was made a Fellow in 1895, and of whose Executive Council, the Syndicate, he became member in 1899. The part he played in the University has recently been described by the Vice-Chancellor Sir Mahomed Usman: 'He did not speak much or often at meetings of the Senate, though much respected by the Fellows, not a few of whom were his own students. But in the Syndicate, his influence was great, and his views carried much weight. He was much appreciated for his balanced judgment based on sympathetic insight.' It was in the University that he came in contact with public men like Sir P. S Sivaswami Aiyar and Sir V. Krishnaswami Aiyar who held him in the highest esteem.

His own University of Aberdeen conferred on him in 1908 the degree of D. D. On that occasion the Dean of the Faculty of Divinity spoke of him as 'a man of great gifts and magnetic personality, albeit of unobtrusive character.'

In 1909 Dr. Skinner completed 25 years of service in the college. The Senatus and members of the United Free Church Mission signalised his Silver Jubilee by gathering in College House and made a presentation to him and Mrs. Skinner of a set of silver candlesticks. It is difficult to hide a light under a bushel. The influence of Dr. Skinner's silent work in the college upon the rising generation was beginning to be felt throughout the Presidency, and the Government came forward to show their appreciation of his work and worth by bestowing on him the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal in 1916, and later in 1919 they conferred on him the title of C. I. E. which, along with his designation of Principal, gave the people at home in his retirement some faint idea of the position he occupied in India.

O. KANDASWAMI CHETTY.

II

AN APPRECIATION

The news of the death of the Rev. Dr. W. Skinner on 26th August 1942 was received with profound sorrow by his innumerable students and friends everywhere. He was probably the last representative of that noble galaxy of Missionaries who joined the staff of the Madras Christian College during the second half of the last century. All his contemporaries, and many of his juniors, have predeceased him. He lived on to the ripe old age of 83, a rare privilege for one who had to do hard and strenuous work for well nigh half a century; for even after retirement Dr. Skinner worked for several years in the library of his own University, Aberdeen. During a College Day celebration many years ago Mr. (now Sir) C. R. Reddy in proposing the toast of the retired professors referred to Dr. Miller and his early colleagues as 'the men of the heroic age.' Some of them like Dr. Miller and Dr. Skinner certainly deserved to be called by this name, reminiscent of ancient Greece. Belonging as they did to the Victorian age they possessed all the sterling virtues of the men of that era. Perhaps Dr. Skinner outlived his age, and the terrible happenings of the last few years in Europe and elsewhere must have caused a great shock to him, even as the fall of the grand old Roman Empire before the Barbarian invaders affected the aged Bishop of Hippo, Saint Augustine.

Since Dr. Skinner is a stranger to the present generation of students except in name, I wish to pay here my humble tribute to his sacred memory and to say a few things about him. He was the Principal of the College throughout the four years of my student-life in this institution. His personality and character will never be effaced from the memory of those who came in contact with him, in spite of passing years.

Dr. Skinner was a strong man and a strict disciplinarian; but he never made much ado about it. Reserved and unassuming in his ways he made you obey him without any effort on his part. In his class room there would be pin-drop silence and while lecturing he would not even raise his voice very much. He knew every student of the college personally and could even remember the names of all students, past and present. It was a wonderful gift indeed for one who presided over a college having hundreds of students on its rolls. A useful practice adopted by him to know all students was that every year he taught Scripture in the Junior B.A. Class and English Poetry in the Junior Intermediate class. There were no B.Sc. classes then and Honours students were not very many. In fact, as far as lay in his power, he would try to keep in touch with the circumstances under which every student of his got on. He took special care to enquire after those who were ill and as a rule he used to visit any student who was on 'sick leave' for more than a day or two at home or in the hospital. It was a familiar sight to see him walking into a hostel or lodge after 4 o'clock to look up some sick student. Once when some of us visited him in his house he asked us how a particular class-mate of ours, who was suffering from fever, was getting on. We could not answer him because only then did we come to know that our friend was ill. Dr. and Mrs. Skinner often used to invite students to their residence in College Park, Kilpauk, for 'at homes' on Saturday afternoons. On such

occasions he would quietly go round among the students talking briefly to each and every one present. But his 'at homes' were not so well attended as those of Professors Moffat and Hogg because students somehow stood in awe of him and preferred to keep at a respectful distance. But really he was very kind to his students and would rarely punish them. On the other hand he was ready to help them and many were the students who were recommended by him for some post or other. His anxiety for the health of his students was clear from his leniency in the matter of giving 'rain holidays'.

Another admirable feature of Dr. Skinner's character was his great sense of duty. He did his daily routine work with almost mechanical precision and thoroughness. When the college reopened after a terminal vacation he would return all the answer papers to students on the reopening day itself. No other member of the staff could beat him in this respect. In fact some of the Professors in those days used to return papers several weeks or even months, late. I can also remember one instance where a terminal examination paper of ours was never valued at all. In this respect things have very much improved; for even weekly and Saturday re-examination papers are valued and returned regularly now-a-days.

Without making himself very much felt, however, Dr. Skinner used to remind others effectively of their duty. It was not an uncommon sight to see him enter the staff room to remind a Professor or Lecturer that a class was waiting for him. Students who were accustomed to 'skulk away' from a class room by the back stair case very often found themselves in front of their omnipresent but silent principal. Any student who walked through the corridors of the college or loitered near the notice board, during class hours, would invariably feel the gentle touch of the Principal's hand on his shoulder leading him to the nearest exit. Fortunately there were no U. T. C. veterans in those days to march in twos and fours with their heavy boots along the verandahs.

This kind and strong man had his own limitations. He was rather shy and of a retiring temperament. He avoided the lime light as much as possible and took very little interest in anything outside the college and the university. During convocations of the University he did not like—at least in our days—to introduce to the Chancellor graduates from his own college, but asked some other professor of the college who happened to be a 'fellow' like Dr. Macphail or Dr. Meston, to discharge that duty. But whenever he stood on the platform and addressed an audience, either in the church or in the Anderson Hall, he did it without any tinge of nervousness. One interesting incident, of which I heard from reliable sources, was that the Principal of the newly founded Women's Christian College was very much shocked and even annoyed, when Dr. Skinner curtly rejected her kind invitation to speak to the students of her college. His reply was characteristic, 'I have got enough work in my own college'. The learned lady was all the more surprised because it was an uncommon experience for her; she had on the other hand known many worthies who used to try to secure an invitation to visit her college! In spite of his great spiritual gifts and discernment Dr. Skinner was sometimes duped by students who pretended to be 'enquirers after truth', or 'inclined to accept Christianity'. Some of his

students, of whom he had high hopes and to whom he had given very good testimonials, later on proved by their conduct quite unworthy of the golden opinion he entertained of their character.

Dr. Skinner was always ready to recognize good work on the part of his staff and students. Some of us remember the unstinted tribute he paid to Mr. Joseph Muliyil for his work as Manager of the Fenn Hostel. This was done when he unveiled the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Muliyil in the hostel at our request. He was very considerate to the clerical staff and menials of the college as well. His regard for his hard-working, though officious, secretary was well known. Those students and guardians who went to him with complaints about the secretary were rarely encouraged by the Principal. Though the secretary worked like a bull and considerably lightened the heavy duties of the Principal he sometimes behaved a little like the famous valet of Lord Curzon, who often pretended to be 'His Excellency' before the ignorant public; but then the European valet, they say, had a striking facial resemblance to the Viceroy.

There is no doubt about the fact that Dr. Skinner sympathised with the national aspirations of the people of this country. When we were students, the Home Rule movement led by the talented Mrs. Besant was at its height and the students were very much influenced by her powerful orations. Lord Pentland, then Governor of Madras, called together a meeting of all college principals and asked them to prohibit students from attending political meetings. It is a well-known secret that Dr. Skinner on that occasion boldly pointed out the unwisdom and impracticability of the Governor's proposed order. Probably he was the only one who expressed his view so boldly. When Mr. E. S. Montagu, the Liberal Secretary of State for India, made his historic pronouncement on the floor of the House of Commons about the political future of British India on 20th August 1917, Dr. Skinner was highly pleased and he referred to that event with evident joy and satisfaction when he gave his annual report at the College Prize giving. When the great poet Rabindranath Tagore visited Madras some time after winning the coveted Nobel Prize, the students of the college expressed a desire to honour the Poet. The Principal consented readily and invited the poet to the college and a grand address was presented to him on that occasion. Speaking in the old Anderson hall before a vast concourse of students and teachers, introducing the poet Dr. Skinner said that he regarded it as the greatest honour and privilege which had ever befallen him as Principal of the college. One cannot be wrong in assuming that even the award of the Kaiser-i-Hind gold medal and the title C.I.E. by the Government did not give him so much joy.

Even after retirement Dr. Skinner wished to keep in touch with Indian developments. He was happy to hear from old students in India and would never fail to reply to those who wrote to him. He was particularly interested to hear news about college and of Tambaram. In a letter written to me on 1st January 1936 he says,

'I get very little news from Madras now-a-days and often wonder how things are going on in the college. I am all the more interested, therefore, in what you tell me about it. I am glad to hear about the progress of the Tambaram scheme, and that it is now definitely settled that

the transference can be made next year. It will mean a great change for you all. But I trust that under the new conditions the work of the college for the last hundred years will be carried on with renewed vigour, efficiency and success and I am sure you will all do your best to that end.'

He certainly approved of the change to Tambaram though he wrote on one occasion that throughout his long stay in Madras he had never heard of a place called Tambaram.

Before concluding this sketch I cannot but refer to the great spiritual strength and deep religious conviction that characterised our late Principal. Like the Old Testament prophets of old, of whom he was very fond, Dr. Skinner had an unshakeable faith in God who controlled the destinies of man. Now that he is gone to a better world, may his soul rest in peace!

V. TITUS VARGHESE.

ROMANCE

By Miss Sarah Titus, *3 Hons., Br. ii.*

Romance is the essence of life, the secret spring from which man draws inspiration and hope. A romanticist is an idealist. He has the gift of treating a subject in an imaginative manner, and the capacity of forming ideals of beauty and perfection. Realism, on the other hand, is the representation of things without idealization, the tendency to make life dull, drab and colourless.

A glorious aspect of romance, which has been described adequately as 'happy thinking', is emphasised by Robert Louis Stevenson. He says: 'It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern (i.e. a realist) girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dial-plates. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget one thing, of which these are but parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you ask yourselves, if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home and be happy thinking.'

Happy thinking! a veritable blessing indeed! It is the outlet for man's ambitions and dreams, the golden ray which gives light, tone and colour to the maddening monotony of every-day life. When we are shut up in town, far from birds or gardens, a thought will suddenly lift us from our surroundings and take us back to the happiest and pleasantest days of our lives. Desmond Brittain, the veteran soldier, relates how when he was sitting, one wet afternoon, in a damp bivouac on the Somme, waiting to go up to the trenches, a verse from Professor Gilbert Murray's wonderful translation of a Greek chorus came into his head:

'The apple tree, the singing and the gold',

and took him from the war back to the Warwickshire orchard that he loved best of all places, and the early summer that he loved best of all times.

Imagination and vision, the potential tools of romance, have awakened the creative ability in many a genius, and contributed much to the betterment of mankind. Art, music, poetry, and even science owe their renown to men who have been, and are, inherent romanticists. It was his heaven-born gift of a very vivid imagination that enabled Sir Isaac Newton to see the analogy between the falling of an apple and the movement of heavenly bodies. The same is true of politicians and military generals. Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte have become immortal heroes to posterity because of their military prowess, which was due to ambition, idealism and visions of mighty empire. As for poetry, 'nature herself sings through the soul and lips of the poet her plangent litanies, her elemental eternal refrains, while the soul equally, in an intense moment of exalted experience, speaks in rhythmic response its deep emotion, its still deeper faith.'

REALISM

BY MISS INDIRA HENSMAN, *3 Hons., Br. iv.*

There is a certain nobleness and even sacredness in facing reality. A realist is one who faces facts and regards things as they are. It is he who works actually, earnestly and sincerely. In contradiction to the universal belief that it is the romanticist alone who can understand and communicate with nature, I would like to quote the following from Thomas Carlyle: 'Work is in communication with nature. The desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to nature's appointments and regulations which are truth.'

'Happy thinking' is an illusion, an impossibility. It is an impètus to laziness, demoralization and stagnation. There is nothing degrading in 'making haste to be doing, to be writing and to be gathering gear.' As one economist puts it, 'Much of the work by which people earn their living is pleasurable in itself. Indeed even business work, that seems at first sight unattractive, often yields a great pleasure by offering scope for the exercise of men's faculties, and for their instincts of emulation and power. A manufacturer or a trader is often stimulated much more by the hope of victory over his rivals than by the desire to add something to his fortune.'

Romance and idealism are, to a certain extent, synonymous. This has led romanticists to assert proudly that they are the only ones who have accomplished great things in this world. I acknowledge that artists and poets are idealists. But this fact must never be forgotten. They have not become what they are through imagination alone. They have had to work for it; they have faced doubt, despair, contempt and heart-break. Lord Tennyson, whose works are tinged with romance and nature, acknowledged that he spent one whole day in composing just two lines of a poem of his. Napoleon Bonaparte may have had impossible ideas of French domination over Europe. But he slaved to fulfil his ambition. He was a man of action. He studied the arts of diplomacy and warfare. He was a shrewd politician, an able leader and an experienced strategist. He was essentially and fundamentally a realist.

It is a highly doubtful proposition that romance promotes chivalry and the noble qualities in mankind. The romances of the Middle Ages are but fictitious tales. In real life,

> 'Men triumph over women still,
> Men trample women's rights at will,
> And man's lust roves the world untamed.'

Apart from donning armour and rescuing fair damsels in distress, if men of flesh and blood can respect womanhood in thought, word and deed, and refrain from anything ugly, sordid, mean and base, life will be infinitely purer and finer.

ROMANCE

Finally, romance promotes chivalry and all the higher qualities of a human being, which make life better and sweeter. Love, which alone makes life worth living—love towards God, towards country, towards mankind, towards men and women, the love of the lover, the love of the friend, the child, the beast, the bird, and even wild love is incomparable to the callous selfishness and self-centered vanity of the realist. In the Romances of the Middle Ages, knights-in-armour fought dragons, monsters and giants for damsels in distress. The wonderful romance of 'Don Quixote' has been well loved by most great writers and has profoundly influenced English literature. Fielding loved it and was inspired by it; Smollet translated it; it was the delight of Wordsworth's boyhood, and it alleviated the unhappy childhood of David Copperfield, and the scarcely less unhappy days of his creator, Charles Dickens.

Romance makes the world go round. While realism is a barren hill from which men dig fossils, romance is like a spring of living water, full of sound and movement and colour and delight, and something to remember with strange pleasure in the drab hours of the commonplace. It is something that will spring into beautiful life in the presence of love or death or some other great vicissitude of life.

Does romance make the world go round? Has the world of to-day been moulded by *the romantic interludes of our ancestors, or has it been built* up by their toil, endurance and fortitude? As a great writer says: 'It is all work and forgotten work, this peopled, clothed, articulate-speaking, high-towered, wide-acred world. The hands of forgotten brave men have made it a world for us; they—honour to them; they, in spite of the idle and the dastard.'

To live in a world of romance in this materialistic planet of ours is sheer folly. It has been said that romance alone makes the world go round. I say it is realism that makes the world go round. Love at first sight, elopements and penniless marriages are some of the aspects of romance. They usually end in the divorce courts. How much better it would be to think carefully, to consider the pros and cons, and to make a deliberate decision. That is realism, *but it is the true road to happiness.*

So which would you like to be—a romanticist, who dreams fine dreams but experiences little or nothing of them; or a realist, who undergoes toil, misery and poverty, but who also experiences happiness, adventure and fun? Happiness is not an illusion; it is a reality. This is what Carlyle says: 'Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Blessed is he who has found work. Let him ask for no other blessedness.'

A WEB-SPIDER COMMON IN TAMBARAM

By K. K. Neelakantan, *4 Hons., Br. vii.*

One of the commonest spiders in South India has a very interesting and mysterious way of living. We can see its web just before the monsoon breaks, spread on lowlying bushes under hedges and fences. These webs look like pieces of muslin hung on the bushes and the wind gently rocking them to and fro makes them glisten. An average-sized web will cover six square inches of space and the threads by which it is suspended can be seen all around the place for a considerable distance.

In the centre of this sticky silken construction there is a hole about an inch in diameter which forms the mouth of a tube made of the same material. The tube is four to five inches in length and leads down to some dark crevice in the ground, between stones or roots of trees. The web is made of the silk which most of the spiders are capable of spinning, and is very strong. The web consists of many layers and the tube is very strong and thick. The inside of the tube is found to be very smooth and the outside to be rough and generally covered with dust and decaying leaves.

To understand the way in which this interesting mansion is built the spider should be put in a bottle and left on a table or the ground. At first it tries to find a dark corner but soon begins to walk round and round and we see that it has begun spinning. Its spinnarets are pressed against the sides of the bottle and the web sticks there. The spider leads the strand between its last pair of legs and goes to another part. The same procedure is repeated many times until in about an hour a beautiful silken tube is formed inside the bottle. After the tube is made the spider does not generally begin making the whole web which we see from outside. This part of the web is gradually extended and the web grows in size.

Now that we have seen the construction of this mysterious but simple structure let us try to find out its uses. The web is the spider's world for all practical purposes, for the time being. It lives in the tube and does not go out at all. The web outside the tube is used as a trap to catch the insects.

The inhabitant of this tube is a fairly large spider measuring about one inch (the body alone). It belongs to the family of the wolf-spiders. Its body and legs are covered with fine hair and there are some white markings on the abdomen. It has a number of eyes all situated on what the naturalists call 'the watch tower'. Two of these are very prominent. Its fangs are black, strong and thick. The male of this species is smaller than the female and brown in colour. The female is black and less agile than the male.

These spiders dislike light and so spend the daytime inside the silken tube. They come out of the tube when the sun is low down in the horizon, and take up a position at the mouth of the tube. Even then they do not come out fully, but hide within the tube, exposing only their front legs and feelers (palpi), reminding us of Chàrybdis waiting to catch those that pass by. The spider is now ready to begin a long feast. When anything falls on the

web the spider runs towards it but when it nears the thing it hesitates a moment or two. It is making sure whether the insect is dangerous or not. If it does not move, then the spider waits for some time again. Only when the insect struggles does the spider dart on it and plunge its deadly fangs into its body and run back to its post. Then begins a process of squeezing and sucking—the maxillary lobes near the mouth squeeze the captured insect, which by this time will be dead, and the juice is slowly sucked in by the spider. The spider's fangs are hollow hard things which conduct the poison into the insect's body. This process of sucking takes a long time and in the end the spider will reject the black round mass of skin and hair which once was an insect. The spider's diet is very varied and includes all insects big and small.

Most of these spiders begin to think of matrimony just before the monsoons. The male spider leaves its web and goes to a female's web. Zoologists are of opinion that it is by the scent that the male spider distinguishes the female. The male steps on to the web of the female and then begins the most wonderful and mysterious process called courting. He begins tapping and rocking the web in a way which the female distinguishes to be the message of a suitor. This web-telegraphy is common to many of the species. The female looks on at these mad pranks of her suitor and if she approves he is admitted into the tube. The mating of these spiders is also said to be a very mysterious thing, in which the feelers of the male spider are employed to carry the sperm into the female's epigyne.

A fortnight after mating, the female is seen with a small white bag attached to her spinnarets and carefully supported by her fourth pair of legs. This white bag contains the eggs of the spider. The making of this bag is a very complicated process. It is enough for us to know that the material is again the silk with which the spider makes its house.

In another fortnight's time the eggs hatch and after their first mould the spiderlings come out and immediately, by instinct, climb on the mother's back and head. They remain there for some days during which time they do not feed. Their food is stored inside their tiny black bodies in the form of fat. When the spiderlings are on the back of the mother we can hardly recognise her because of the black mass of moving children.

A few days after this the small spiders leave their mother. They are said to climb to a certain height and let out a few threads for the first time. On these threads they fly away and make their house where the wind lets them down. Their webs are very small, transparent and flimsy.

Not many adults survive this mating season. The few that remain climb up the hedges or fences and spin their webs and tubes. These webs are different from those spun on the ground. Those sometimes have long winding tubes one leading into another. For one web there will be more than two openings at least. This may be because the spiders are now more exposed to danger than they were before.

By the end of the monsoon the small spiders are full grown and await the next mating time. These spiders abound in Tambaram and the young ones can be seen on their tiny webs in any part of the compound.

THE PRIEST

By R. Venkateswaran, *3 B.Sc. Hons., Br. ii.*

The sirens' eerie wail pierced the dark'ning sky,
And I with instinctive fleetness fled,
To that haven of the weak
And those who escape from themselves
Unable to escape from their ego
— The temple.

A temple ! Why not ?
A healthier place, I suppose, and safer
Than the slit trenches and shelters
Reeking of that insidious stink
Born of the sweat of panic and of terror
And dirty clothes !

In the temple stood the priest,
Deaf to the thundering guns
And the bursting bombs and shrieking shells,
Rapt in the adoration
Of the shining, jet-black idol,
A sheer cylinder of black marble.

Burning camphor's smoky swirls
And the pungent odour of incense
Filled that grim, dark cavernous place.
The soft-tongued bells clanged out
A knell that symbolised
Victory — or Death ?

Not for the priest the dangers of the air war
Not for him the booming of the guns ;
Not for him the panic—
What protection does he need
In the presence of his loved divinity
The death dealing god Shiva ?

The priest went on chanting louder,
The incessant tinkling of the bells
Waxed in volume,
When a great darkness fell on me
And gathering numbness came over me
—— I knew no more.

*   *   *   *

Ah ! Shell-blast had laid me low ;
A traitorous, murdering shell
Had wrecked the temple walls !
And tottering to the altar, dazed and weak
I looked and shrieked out of sheer terror
And fainted—

For the priest was one inert mass
Of scorched flesh and charred bones ;
His glassy eyes stared a meaningless stare
At that idol, the Preserver.
Was it a look of great disgust
Or one of ecstatic triumph ?

The old India is not dead, nor will die—
Idols and ikons, gods and deities
Mean more to some than dear life itself.
But who can tell what the feelings of the priest were
At the moment of death ?

SCIENCE IN EVERYDAY LIFE— THE CONTRIBUTION OF CHEMISTRY*

Every educated person realises in some measure the importance of Science in everyday life. Of all the branches of Science it is Chemistry that deals, in a constructive way, with the building blocks of Nature and it is out of these blocks that the forms of life are created and sustained. The Chemist, in his laboratory, labours with these very blocks and makes new compounds some of which are wonderful in their application to everyday life. I am to speak to you in these ten minutes briefly about the contribution of Chemistry.

This contribution is gaining in volume and in quality from day to day. The ancients knew the effect of adding manure to the soil. The smith, the dyer and the potter used chemical processes in their trades ; but always with a difference. The dyer today knows the precise conditions under which a dye should be used and has, at his disposal, synthetic dyes of any colour and shade. A century ago, all colouring matter was extracted from plants, from minerals, from insects and even from shell-fish and they were not many. Most important among them were indigo, the blue dye from the indigo plant and alizarin, the red dye from the madder root. The Chemist has discovered by patient study and research the secrets of the edifice of the principal dye molecules and is now able to produce in his laboratory dyes of almost any colour and shade. As a classic example I may tell you the story of indigo, which is perhaps the oldest of all dyes and is described in old Sanskrit writings. The natural indigo, obtained from the plant, was broken down with the help of the tools of the Chemist and from the broken pieces the indigo molecule was assembled. You might realise something of the enormity of the undertaking when I tell you that it took eighteen years and thirty crores of rupees to complete the task and to make the manufacture of Indigo a success. And it has been a great success, so much so that it drove the indigo cultivators of India into bankruptcy. Indigo is a beautiful blue and contains two nitrogen atoms in the molecule besides carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. If the nitrogen is changed to sulphur we get thio-indigo which is a red dye. If four hydrogen atoms are changed to four bromine atoms we get another shade of blue. If the hydrogens are substituted in a different way we get a purple dye. Thus from one colour the Chemist is able to produce other colours by slightly altering its composition. The contribution of the Chemist to the colour scheme of our everyday life could be appraised from the saris the womenfolk wear.

Think of a surgical operation and of the blessings of anæsthetics which put the patient to sleep while the surgeon cuts and cuts. Yet there were

*Broadcast from the Madras station of All India Radio, Oct. 19th, and published by kind permission.

times, not long ago, when anæsthetics were unknown. The unfortunate patients must have felt very much like the victims in a Nazi concentration camp. It is described that sensitive surgeons used to plug their ears, not to hear the agonising cries of their patients. To a world crying for relief from pain, inflicted in the name of cure, came the discovery of anæsthetics like a boon from Heaven. Chloroform, compound of carbon, hydrogen and chlorine, prepared from ordinary alcohol was known from a long time before its anæsthetic property was discovered. Then came other anæsthetics, synthetic ones from the chemist's laboratory—cocaine, procaine, novocaine which act locally leaving the patient conscious but insensitive to pain in the region where the operation is performed. The contribution of chemistry here is verily a work of mercy and cannot be assessed in terms of money.

Every one is familiar with the doctor who examines and prescribes, and all his skill would be of no avail without the drugs he uses and owes to the chemist. Some of these drugs are commonplace things. There are others which have just revolutionised medical and surgical treatment. The list is a long one and I may mention a few—a few that find almost everyday application. One of the products synthesised by nature in the human laboratory is insulin which brings about digestion of sugar. A deficiency in insulin means insufficient or no combustion of sugar, which leads to a diseased condition known as diabetes. The chemist has synthesised insulin and has given the medical profession the means of curing diabetes. A recent synthetic drug is, what is chemically known as, sulphanilamide. It is a wonder worker, acts in a selective way destroying the pathogenic germs and not attacking the healthy tissues. It is like inventing a bomb which would kill off the totalitarians, leaving the decent people severely alone. It is so, and has been the means of saving thousands of lives from blood-poisoning, peritonitis, child-birth fever, meningitis and other dangerous and hitherto incurable maladies.

Our newer knowledge of nutrition and the vitamin theory are due mainly to the labours of chemists. There are diseases, called deficiency diseases, which neither medicine nor surgery can cure. They are all produced by lack of certain accessory food factors called vitamins. One may eat enough otherwise but still suffer. Today it is common knowledge that polished rice is bad, that fruit juices and green vegetables, and not over-boiled milk are good, because one lacks the vitamins and the others have them. Vitamin chemistry has been elusive and with the help of guinea-pigs, mice, fowls, dogs and even horses their curative and preventive properties have been studied and the vitamins classified. Now and then new ones are being added. An intelligent housewife has now enough knowledge of the occurrence and potency of vitamins, that she can by proper dieting safeguard the health and growth of her family.

Everyone knows about Bakelite tumblers, cups, plates, available in a variety of colours, so nice and satisfying to handle. They are made of what is technically known as plastics, plastic only during its production stage, becoming quite rigid afterwards. They are manufactured from formaldeleyde and phenol or urea or casein or from other similar compounds. They are moulded by pressure and heat and almost anything from a tooth brush to an

aeroplane can be made from plastics. There is a variety which is transparent and from it are made excellent flawless lenses, better than ordinary glass ones, and the safest safety window-glasses. Its range of staring material is inexhaustible and its future can only be described as highly promising and expanding, limited only by the imagination and capacity of the manufacturing chemist. Some enthusiasts even go to the length of calling this the plastic age, though in reality it looks like the age of bombs.

We have just to look around critically to realise the debt we owe to chemistry. The paper we use, the inks, leather goods, glass, china, paints, soaps, sugar, matches and countless other things have made our lives enjoyable and interesting. Nature has given us, besides her manifold gifts of finished products, the building blocks and the chemist builds with understanding and patience.

S. S. Gandheker.

THANKFULNESS

By I. D. Tangaswami (*Old Student*)

The sun had set and light with darkness fought,
When for a quiet hour the beach I sought.
With foamy crest the long-drawn waves arose
And broke themselves in gently murmuring flows.
Anon both sea and land the night possessed
And all without the sea lay still at rest.
With sparkling gems was strewn the blackened sky
Each richer far than all the world could buy.
A blood-red deep spread o'er the ocean marge
And ushered in a fiery circle large
Which shapened to a disc of silvery hue
Implanted firm upon a canvas blue.
As by a foe superior put to flight,
The shining stars retreated out from sight.
Sitting alone beneath the moon-shed rays
Of nothing could I think but Heavenly Grace.

A TAMBARAM SCENE] [*P. N. Radhakrishnan*

LOOK INTENSELY AT WORDS!

By N. Sriram, *5 Hons., Br. vii.*

'Look intensely at words!' so said Ruskin.

'Click the camera and get the result!' so ran the advertisement.

'How grand!' I said to myself, 'Just click, eh? so easy is it?'

'No previous experience necessary' continued the advertisement.

'It is meant entirely for me.' I told myself.

'A modern camera for the modern man. Vest-pocket size, only Rs. 19,' concluded the advertisement.

'How cheap!' I repeated to myself. 'Just the camera for me!'

I ran to the dealer, shelled out the cash, got the camera.

'Of course you would like a few rolls of film,' put in the dealer.

'Of course, Of course!' I chimed in. I got three rolls of film. I came down to college, clicked and clicked away merrily. Friends and lecturers, water-towers and hall-views.

The rolls were developed. 'Goodness me!' I exclaimed. Patches and clouds, black-outs and all-clears, nightmares and nebulas. I ran to the dealer. Threw the negatives on to his table. 'Look there!' I said indignantly, 'see what I got from your blooming camera!'

'Let's see the results,' said he calmly; 'you clicked, did you not?'

'Yes. But look at the results. How hopeless . . .'. It came to me in a flash. I stopped my talk. I picked up the negatives and ran out. I had clicked indeed and got the results of course. That is exactly what the advertisement said. It never said a word about *good* results. Good or bad, results are results. The advertisement went no further.

I ran a mile. I sat down under a tree and scolded myself for being fooled. Why did I not look intensely at words?

The other words of the advertisement floated before my eyes. 'The modern camera for the modern man'.

'I'll corner the rascal now,' I said to myself, '*modern* camera? What is there to prove it?'

It came to me in another flash. It was modern indeed and, by jingo, it was air-raid minded too. How else did I get the black-outs and all-clears?

'Vest-pocket size.'

'There you are!' I burst out in triumph, 'How will that quibbling rogue establish *that?* It weighs at least a viss. I will teach that miserable, old, scound . . . .' A third flash. I had read *Gulliver's Travels*. I have heard of the Brobdignagnagians. These giants had vest-pockets, I am sure—and very big ones at that. Vest-pockets are vest-pockets though they belonged to the Brobdigdug—what's their name? If only I had looked intensely at words!

How often had I applied for 'generous samples' enclosing eight annas 'for packing, postage, etc.'! What did the 'etc.' stand for but cost and profit? How often I was fooled by believing that things advertised as FREE were really free! Does it need costly and persistent advertisement to find a means for giving vent to your super-abundant philanthropy? Had the golden day dawned when people in need were so few that one had to search for them through papers in order to get into touch with them and smother them with free gifts? Does giving away free mean cheating a score of persons and giving a thousandth of what you get to someone else? Alas! How often the tiny worm on the bait lands a big fish!

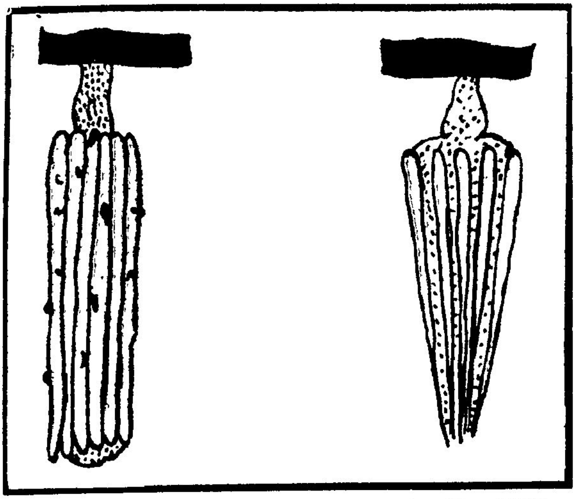
That day onwards, advertisements in the papers, letters from friends and political statements—all had new meanings for me.

Much harm is done by people not looking intensely at words—both what they read and what they write. Much more evil is done by people taking advantage of the fact that we seldom look intensely at words. Why are laws couched in ambiguous words and extra-complex sentences? Is it to enable lawyers to look as intensely at them as is most convenient for themselves? How frequently do lawyers look more intensely at the words of witnesses than the witnesses themselves meant their words to be looked into!

A great deal of evil will be avoided if we ascertain from the other party the exact intensity with which they meant their words to be looked into. Let us not *mis*understand. We cannot understand unless we realize the exact intensity with which we must look at other people's words.

BAG-WORMS

The 'bag-worms' or 'case-weavers' are a kind of caterpillars very commonly seen clinging to the walls of our college buildings and creeping about the bushes all round the college premises. They are the larval stages of certain moths belonging to the families *Psychidæ*, *Tineidæ*, *Cossidae* and *Coleophoridæ*. Strictly speaking true and typical bag-worms are met with among the members of the family *Psychidæ*, which are otherwise called the 'bag-worm moths'. Besides the members of the few families of moths mentioned above, there are also certain other groups exhibiting the same phenomenon. For example, the larvæ of the well-known caddis-flies creep about over mud and stones in streams and river-beds carrying minute fragments of sticks, leaves and even tiny pebbles fastened together with silk. The nymphs of certain bugs too make a protective case mostly out of their own excreta.



THE LARVAL BAGS OF THE COMMON BAG-WORM MOTH

The bag-worms live inside their bags and carry them about wherever they go, thrusting out their front end, the hind end being caught firmly to the case. The case affords in most cases excellent protection from the worst enemies of caterpillars such as insectivorous birds and wasps. The caterpillars pupate inside their cases and the adult moths produced escape and fly away leaving behind the pupal skin. If we just examine some of these larval cases we will come across several of them with the pupal skin attached to the free end of the case. These then are cases which accommodated the larvæ of the moths which in the adult condition fly about in the open. The larvæ cases vary greatly in size, texture and composition in the different species of case-making larvæ.

The study of the various forms of cases is indeed very interesting and it is left to all enthusiastic field entomologists to make a collection of all these different forms and observe the various materials used and the various methods of bag construction. Some larvæ make their cases purely out of earth and silk, while others use vegetable matter such as dried leaf-stalks, thorns, sticks, leaves, pieces of bark, straw and even rubbish. All these materials are glued together by silk in the form of a bag. The inside of the cases is usually lined

very smoothly with a layer of silk which serves as a soft cushion for the growing larva.

The 'rubbish bag-worm' utilises any kind of material that comes in its way for bag construction. We usually find on their bags the empty shells of tiny snails, the hairs of other caterpillars, minute fragments of leaves, barks, sand particles, pieces of wings of other insects, dried skeletal pieces of beetles and feathers. The caterpillar is seen to live inside the massive bag composed of this rubbish. During locomotion it protrudes its head out and the thoracic legs are used in the normal manner. But with the slightest disturbance the animal withdraws itself completely into the bag. The 'sand bag-worm' makes a bag out of very fine particles of sand. The common form has the bag built up of two symmetrical flat and imperfectly fused sheets. Each sheet is greyish and deeply constricted in the middle. These are seen abundantly at the foot of *Casuarina* plantations in certain localities. The colour of the bags blends exactly with the sandy environment and if we slit the two halves we notice a tiny larva wriggling out. Another larva makes a pot-like case out of moistened earth. The bag is oval and uniformly lined internally with silk and externally with a fine brush of glistening hairs. The 'leathery bag-worm' constructs the most common long tubular bags out of a very strong parchment-like material. The tube is over an inch long and carries a delicate collar at the front end through which the larva peeps out. During periods of rest the collar is closed and the whole bag is attached to the wall or bark by means of a strong silken attachment. The leathery bags are often met with in shady areas in such enormous numbers that they often infest the whole surface of the wall or bark. The elephant-tusk bag-worm 'makes the bag out of a similar material and it is peculiarly curved like an elephant-tusk. Another common bag-worm (*Clania cramerii*) collects together the long spines of Acacia or small sticks and arranges them longitudinally over the bag. It is an important polyphagous bag-worm found throughout India. This psychid caterpillar when very young makes a protective covering of moss, leaf-epidermis and particles of bark, etc., interwoven with silk. When the caterpillar grows and when it finds their bags too small it either makes a new case or enlarges the older one. It is a form of some economic significance as it eats away the shoots and twigs of plants. As Mr. Beeson observes (*Forest Insects*—1941) the plantations of *Casuarina equisetifolia* on the Madras, Orissa and Malabar Coasts are badly affected every year by *Clania cramerii* and the bag-worms are injurious by reason of the foliage they eat and the damage is greatly increased by the pruning off of twigs or growing shoots and buds required for bag construction.

The 'clothes-moths' are household pests very common in India. Their larvæ use various kinds of bags or tubes of silk and dust for protection. They feed upon woollen clothes, carpets, furs, etc. The larva of the clothes-moth, *Crypsithyris longicornis*, makes an elongate oval case about a centimeter long and covered with dust particles. *Tinea pellionella* is another clothes-moth whose larvæ live in a flattened smooth silk case and are pests in dwelling houses, warehouses and stores.

The larval cases often present sexual differences in size and texture. In certain species the male bags are rougher and suspended by a long thread

while the female bags are smoother and devoid of a thread. The larva of the male moth *Psyche unicolor* makes a larger and more conspicuous case than that of the larva destined to hatch out as a wingless female moth.

The story of the bag-worm moths is interesting. They have an extremely wide distribution but are very primitive forms and their evolution has taken place along different lines in the two sexes. The males are very highly specialised and actively fly about, while the females present an extreme case of degeneration in the whole group of moths and butterflies. They live inside their bags throughout their life unlike the males which come out of the bag once they become adults. Both male and female larvæ lead an intra-tubular life inside their bags and both pupate inside. But the male pupae hatch out into winged swiftly-flying males. The female pupae hatch out into degenerate wingless females. The males possess bipectinate feelers, an elongate extrusible abdomen and wings built for rapid and prolonged flight. The females present different grades of degeneration and in extreme cases they lack the feelers, legs, wings and even mouth-parts. They are nothing but an irregular vermiform sac loaded with eggs inside. This is what takes place in all cases of degeneration observed in the animal world. In degeneration brought about by parasitism we find the loss of all locomotor organs and sense organs and a simultaneous development of reproductive organs, the parasite presenting the appearance of a loose egg-sac. In the present case degeneration is due to the prolonged, sedentary and lazy life inside the bag. During copulation the actively flying male usually alights on the case of a female and inserts his protrusible abdomen into the case through the hind opening and fertilises her. In certain cases, as for example, in *Fumia* the female comes out of her case for copulation. In *Apterona helix*, the females are known to lay eggs without fertilisation. This phenomenon where the unfertilised eggs develop into the adult insect is not strange to science. It is called *parthenogenesis*. It is worth mentioning, in this connection, that all drone bees of the hive are derived from unfertilised eggs of the queen, and there is many a case of parthenogenetic development in the animal series. It appears to be a primitive mode of reproduction but at the same time a special adaptation to the present case-weaving form. The females lay the eggs inside the bag. In *Clania cramerii* the eggs are laid in hundreds from December onwards and the larvæ emerge after two or three weeks and they take 9 or 10 months to mature.

The study of the bag-worms provides rich material not only to the ordinary naturalist but also to the economic entomologist. Some of these bag-worms are now known to be actual pests of certain fruits and trees in North America, South Africa, etc. A knowledge of the detailed life-histories of all these forms is essential for a thorough suppression of them. But unfortunately the life-histories of hundreds of these forms are still in oblivion and only vague and meagre records of the details of their development are available at present. The bag-worms are an important group of caterpillars and a menace to the agriculturist. Suppression of these forms needs an elaborate study of the details of development and pruning methods of these larvæ. Herein lies, therefore, a fruitful and very interesting subject for any enthusiastic entomologist to take up for research.

J. SAMUEL RAJ.

TRANSPORT IN WARTIME LONDON

By R. P. Santwan, *4 Hons., Br. vii.*

The system of transport in pre-war London may be regarded as symbolic of European civilisation. London transport is one of the few things which have been, comparatively speaking, unaffected by wartime conditions. Its efficiency has been maintained throughout these trying times at the high level for which it has been justly famous all over the world. In this connection, one can think of only a single other organisation which can stand comparison with it—Cook's.

In these days of almost vehement boosting of democracy, it seems wise to begin this article with that most democratic of vehicles, the Bus. It is the most popular method of transport, both as regards economy and comfort. Here in India, people travel by bus only when it is absolutely essential to do so, and then it is with a heavy heart that they board one of these rickety contraptions which, for the sake of courtesy, have been given the title of 'bus'. At the end of one of these journeys, these heavy hearts become even heavier while the condition of the rest of their poor bodies is hardly worth writing about.

London buses, on the contrary, make travelling a pleasure. They are, mostly, two-deckers, roomy and well-kept; the seats are well-padded and the vehicles run very smoothly. There are no attempts (such as are very common in India) at trying to crowd three people into space meant only for two, and because of this it is very seldom that a bus is overloaded and the passengers crushed in their seats. To a stranger in London, the number of bus-routes (there are probably a hundred different ones) may, and often do, appear bewildering; but in a short time he will have grasped the essentials. One great point in favour of buses is their frequency; on the important routes, there is one every three minutes.

Petrol rationing has forced many of the 'idle rich' to give up their limousines and their favourite vehicle under these new conditions is the taxi. If the bus is the democrat of the road, it would not be far wrong to call the taxi the aristocrat of the road. The London Cabby (in his proverbial black overcoat) is one of the most cheerful persons alive; loquacious and obliging, he is a source of never-ending amusement to his passengers. The lot of the taxi-driver has become very hard, not only due to petrol-rationing but also due to the exceedingly strict blackout. The Indian public has only recently been subjected to fairly strict blackouts, and those who have had to drive under these conditions will readily appreciate the difficulties involved.

In addition to these privations, the taxi-driver is often called upon to drive during an air-raid. This calls for great courage and presence of mind and the London cabbies have risen nobly to the needs of the occasion. It has been my own experience to ride in a taxi during an air-raid; the shell-splinters were hammering on the roof of the taxi with the insistence of a woodpecker and I must confess that I was very doubtful of reaching the station. But the driver never turned a hair and drove as if he had been driving all his life under wartime difficulties; on arriving there, I expected him to ask for a much bigger tip than usual because of the risks involved, but he had to be cajoled and coerced before he would accept anything more

than the usual fare. Very often, we read in the papers of some act of *heroism by these men and one cannot but help admiring their 'guts'.*

Lovers of London will no doubt be pleased to hear that the trams which were such a disfigurement on the roads, are now being replaced by a new type of bus, run not on petrol but by electricity, called the trolleybus. Trams were the ugliest and least comfortable of London vehicles. The trolleybus, on the other hand, is on the same model as the bus but its running is noiseless and smoother and its looks are a credit to London. The tram used to obstruct traffic by running in the centre of the road, and was most inconvenient for passengers to board or to alight, due to the cars and buses that ran between the tram and the pavement. All this has been eliminated because the trolleybus, not running on rails, is free to stop at the edge of the pavement. At the beginning of the 'blitz', both buses and trolleybuses used to stop when 'Wailing Winnie' (the siren) blew; but now they stop only for a moment to allow passengers who wish to go to shelters to alight, and then carry on.

There are underground trains in some other capitals of the world, but by far the biggest and most important network is in London. The 'tubes' (as they are popularly called) were one of the show-pieces of London. They run at a great depth underground, escalators and lifts being used to convey the passengers below. The escalator is a constantly moving staircase and all that one has to do is to stand on the topmost step which moves till it reaches the platform. In the deepest of undergrounds, two, three, and sometimes even four escalators are necessary to reach the platform.

The trains are small and streamlined, and are luxuriously upholstered. The lights, while giving plenty of illumination to the carriages, are cunningly concealed and, as the trains very seldom run above ground, there is no need for a blackout. An exclusive feature of these trains is their doors. They are automatically controlled and are always shut before the train leaves the station; they are not opened again till the train stops at the next station. The risk of accidents, due to persons trying to jump on the train while it is moving and again trying to jump off before the train has stopped, is thus considerably minimised.

The war has affected the 'tubes' more than any other branch of London transport. The depth of the stations makes them very good air-raid shelters, and though at the beginning, the authorities refused to allow people to use the stations as shelters, they had to give way to immense public outcry. At the beginning of the 'blitz', people used to crowd together under most unhygienic conditions; these have been considerably improved thanks to the ceaseless efforts of the Ministry of Health. Trains are forced to stop by eight o'clock in the evening as shelterers overflow the platforms and sleep even between the rails.

Such then is the system of public transport in London. It is run under the sole management of the London Passenger Transport Board and, on the whole (as was said at the beginning of this article), it has been changed very little by wartime conditions. Of course the gay streets, many of them illuminated by huge neon advertisements, and the brightly-lit buses and trams have disappeared; the city has been shrouded in a pall of darkness, but amidst bombs and shrapnel, London and her transport carry on.

THE ART OF MAKE-UP

BY F. V. MANIKKAM, *3 Hons., Br. ii.*

Any man who devotes himself to a special field, such as music, painting, sculpture, or dramatics, owes a statement to his art. He must give an account of his studies, his researches and the experiences through which he has been enabled to meet the changing requirements of Nature. Before I proceed further, I wish to express my joy at finding that many of the students studying here are sincere lovers of Art. Many of them have a critical eye too, though their criticism is a bit harsh some times. There are so many actors, actresses, story writers, directors, musicians, painters, and singers in the making among our college mates. Yet to many of them art is a pastime, a sort of haphazard hobby, not a real hobby. They do not have any serious notions of art and most probably they will forget all about it when they leave the college after they have finished their course of study. But this article is addressed to those who have been really touched by the divine fire of art, and should the good Lord in His wisdom have chosen you among His anointed few, then the urge to create will be so strong that nothing between Heaven and Hell can stop you. If this is the case with you, then no amount of hardships and obstacles are of any consequence. You will take them in your stride, for you are kept warm by the fire that is burning inside your heart and a 'crust of bread' or a small morsel of food taken before your make-up table will taste better than all the delicacies you can get in Mazda or Udipi Cafe.

I want to draw your attention to the way in which you can bring yourself much closer to the delightful garden of the Muses (it is indeed a most delectable garden) than you have hitherto thought possible. There must be something you like to do and can do. You may like to draw or to sing or to play an instrument or go in for dramatics. Is there any reason why you should not do so if it adds to the fun of being? I can honestly say that I don't know of any, provided that you realise your own limitations. You need not be as good as the best professional in any of the arts to be still a very decent artist in your own right, just as you need not be a racing motorist to get a lot of fun out of the old car. But you can and will lead an infinitely happier and fuller existence if you adopt one of the arts as your hobby, and you will be surprised how far you can get by devoting a few of your leisure moments to the practice of whatever art you have chosen, whether it be photography, or cooking, or painting or etching or making stage models or make-up or even falling in love!

Of course keep this fact firmly in mind—in the arts (just as in Nature) there are no short-cuts. Success is not a matter of inspiration alone but a matter of patience, more patience, and still more patience. Without

inspiration you may never be able to scale the greatest heights, but all the inspiration in this universe will not do you any good without a vast amount of very hard work, and slow, painstaking, and conscientious work at that.

I have said so much of art in general because all the arts have but a single purpose—to contribute to the art of living—and therefore they are closely related to each other and support each other and help each other out like the members of a family. Now I would say something about the art of make-up.

MAKE-UP AS AN ART.—As an art, Make-up, like all other arts, is the expression of one's intuition and natural aptitude. But it is important for you to know some of the fundamentals gained by professional make-up artists by their own observations and experiences in making up performers for the motion pictures, stage and society.

As there are no two complexions or faces exactly alike, each individual presents a different problem for the make-up artist. In a word make-up must start in where Nature has left off. The task for the make-up artist is to fit the face for the part and some parts are so unique that they challenge the skill of the make-up artist. Yet it is fair to say that type creating make-up and its application have been developed to a high degree of achievement. Indeed some of the effects gained with make-up have been so wonderfully successful that many have come to believe that with an average outfit of make-up materials a thousand possibilities await the studious mind and the skilful hand.

But all the foregoing emphasis on skill in the use of make-up need not deter the beginner. He must remember that it is acquired only through practice. Once he gets the knack of using make-up, once he sees how remarkably his new skill can transform a face, right then he will be stirred to trying out all kinds of character effects. Therein lies some of the fun in knowing 'how?', not to mention the pleasure that comes with success.

Now then, it might be well at this point to mention some of the important uses of make-up with respect to both the performer and cinematographer or camera man.

1. Disfigured faces and objectionable blemishes (such as small-pox marks, pimple scars, caste mark impressions, since they are magnified by the camera, may be rendered invisible, or at least subdued by the correct use of make-up in motion pictures.

2. The natural contrasts which give tone and colour to a complexion are lost in the photographic process. The adjustment is easily made by the use of colour in make-up.

3. Faces that have become tanned and sunburnt can maintain their true characterisations throughout the making of a picture with the use of make-up.

4. During the making of a picture, the strain of hard work and long hours may show its signs. Make-up subdues these evidences of fatigue and permits the original characterisation to go on unchanged.

5. Retouching of photographs is a highly skilled art. It is even difficult in still photography resulting too often in the subject wearing an unnatural or false expression. For motion picture photography retouching is

physically impossible. Artistically done make-up is the most practical way to correct and adjust facial deficiencies.

STILL PICTURES.—Since make-up has contributed to the perfection of cinematography it has been applied with equal results to portrait photography.

STAGE MAKE-UP.—Why is make-up necessary ? The lighting system of the modern stage is such that it absorbs all the natural colour of the complexion and thus considerably changes the appearance of the performer. Place a beautiful woman without make-up in the brilliance of modern stage lighting and her face will appear to be colourless, her eyes will lose their sparkle, and altogether she will appear to be other than the same beautiful woman. (The lighting arrangements on the stage in Anderson Hall are meant only for straight or 'light' dramas or plays to give a subdued effect. They are not designed for a major play or dramatic production which requires elaborate settings, costumes, light and scenic effects by stage tricks. Yet we can produce major plays on this stage provided special arrangements are made for extra lights according to the requirements of the settings or the instructions of the stage Director.) Make-up is therefore necessary to restore the natural tone of the complexion, which is lost under modern stage lighting, and to define the features so that they will be clearly visible from all parts of the theatre. Make-up, of course, covers up facial blemishes and helps to give the appearance called for by the play. With make-up on, the performer feels he is more like the character he is depicting.

STRAIGHT MAKE-UP OR SCENIC MAKE-UP.—The chief aim of this type of make-up is that the actor's face should be not less attractive than in reality, and in addition, should seem more interesting and expressive. Every feature changes its properties under stage lighting. The more irregular are the features the less attractive they appear under stage lighting. Therefore the aim of the 'straight' make-up should be—(1) To restore the natural colour of the complexion; (2) to make the eyes larger and more expressive; (3) to emphasize the features so that they will be clearly visible to the audience. This type is the best for colleges, schools and amateur dramatic societies, since we have to take into account the time, labour and above all the expense.

CHARACTER MAKE-UP.—Let us start by defining the word character as it applies to the theatre. 'Character is the representation of a particular personality', and impersonation, if you please, as interpreted by an actor. And he is an actor only in so far as he creates in the minds of his audience that necessary suspension of disbelief! Therefore he must not look like an actor but he must look his part. And he may do this by making a careful study of every phase of it by seeking out sources, examining pictures, reading descriptive material and he may even go so far as to observe his 'model' in actual life.

I may conclude with a list of other kinds of make-up, classical, puranic or mythological, historic, Shakespeare, society, etc. These may be grouped under three main branches of make-up thus—(1) Linear or ornamental make-up. (2) Painting or illusory make-up. (3) Plastic make-up.

The following Reference Books will be found useful:—

1. Theatrical and Cine Make-up.
Helena Chalmers—*The Art of Make-up.* (New York, 1930).
Max Factor—*Hints on the Art of Make-up.* (9 Booklets). (Hollywood).

2. Make-up for Everyday life.
Max Factor—*Society Make-up.* (Hollywood).
Cocks, Dorothy—*Help Yourself to Beauty.* (Hollywood, 1935).
Lapish, Edith—*Be Beautiful.* (Hollywood, 1932).

ATHLETICS

Basket Ball

Out of the nine League matches we had to play on the whole, three were played last term. The remaining matches were played this term, the last one being the postponed match against the Y.M.C.A. College.

Though we won all the other matches, the Engineers knocked off the championship by their victory over us. Yet, looking back on the work we have done, we are quite satisfied—thanks to the unceasing help of our President, Mr. Thangaraj.

Now that the League matches are over, all are turning their interest to the forthcoming Inter-Hall Tournament, of which at least two matches will be played this term.

The three Hall captains, Devavaram (Selaiyur), Venkiteswaran (St. Thomas's), and Jayaraman (Heber), are straining their necks trying to arrange as many 'friendly' matches as possible.

In fact, the marvellous game played by the Selaiyur team is threatening to shake the 'morale' of St. Thomas's—holders of the championship for the last three years! *Labor omnia vincit.*

THOMAS JACOB,
Captain.

Football

We have to begin this term's report on a mournful note. After our creditable triumph over the Medicals, the would-be victors of the Medical-Engineering match, we were unfortunately beaten by the Engineers on our own ground. This was the first match we have ever lost at home. George Verghese, our centre-half, could not play in that match and there were a few changes in the team, in position as well as players.

An event in the history of the College is the opening of a new full-size Football ground in front of Heber Hall, and we had the opening match—a friendly one—with the Burma Evacuees' Team whom we beat by 7 : 0 though it was a hard fight. The other League matches we skipped off easily, sometimes scoring as many as 14 goals, till we came to the match with the School of Technology by whom we were held to a draw, unnecessarily. We took the match easily but a free-kick awarded to them at the last moment decided our fate that day. Amirtharaj, our steady back, did not play in that match and thus we 'lost one more valuable point in the race for the championship' as *The Hindu* put it.

The season is now over. But the end finds us still unlucky, while those whom we beat are sharing the championship with those whom they beat in turn. As our President remarked, in his usual smiling way, this year we are really unfortunate to lose the championship by a single point. But we have not lost hopes. We have our chance. For this year we are entering for

the Wilson Cup Tournament and we have every chance of winning it. We hope for the best and will try our best, not allowing luck to give us what *it* pleases but make luck give us what *we* want!

K. V. George,
Captain.

Hockey

A new term has effected several changes in our team, and despite the after-effects of a long holiday and the post-vacation examination, we stepped out with a strong determination for better unity. D. I. Chakravarthi and P. Arumugam were replaced by R. Faraday and M. S. J. Ebenezer and further rearrangement in the positions of several other players strengthened the combination.

Our first League match this term was against Loyola on our grounds, and through sheer bad luck we lost by two goals to one. Unshaken in determination, we were successful in the remaining matches for the season. Our team takes a very long time to settle down and this is the main cause of our defeat. Summing up the whole league, we lost against the Madras Medicals, Engineering and Loyola; we drew with Presidency and won the rest.

The combined and individual efforts of our brilliant forwards, E. C. P. Philip and M. S. J. Ebenezer, have been responsible for our several victories. And with firm confidence in our backs, they have forced several wins. Our half-backs form excellent feeds to the forwards; our full-backs, E. K. Ravikrishnan and H. Sreekant, have perfect understanding and form a very stubborn resistance to the opponents' forwards; our goalie has shown great improvement but greater interest will perfect his game.

We played many practice matches at home and away, and repaid the Loyola defeat. Our second eleven is progressing fairly well and has played several promising matches against outside teams.

Our hockey tour this year has been postponed indefinitely, because of the early closing of college for the September vacation. Several vain efforts were made in favour of the tour, during the vacation. We still have hopes of going on tour, but find difficulty in fixing the time and place, and fear that some players appearing for the University examination in March 1943 will not come, if it is too late.

Our team is entering for a tournament next term, and so in confidence and rigid determination, we hope to prove a greater success.

N. D. D'Sena,
Captain.

Volley Ball

Responding to my humble call, Amirtharaj came forward and proved himself to be an excellent offensive player. With his entrance our full team was formed. Poonan's 'torpedo shot', Amirtharaj's successful pushing and the extraordinary play of the rest enabled us to have a very successful season.

Out of eleven League matches we came out successful in all except the one against the Engineers, who knocked off the Championship shield. We stand second only to the first.

Now last year itself it was thought of arranging an inter-hall volley ball tournament. But owing to some unforeseen circumstances it was not held. At least this year, we hope our President, Mr. Thangaraj, and Mr. C. A. Abraham, to whom we offer our hearty thanks for their kind co-operation, will pay some attention to it.

R. M. ABDUL KHADER,
Captain.

Amphibian Rugby Football Club

We are proud to report that more than twenty-five new members have joined the club this year. We have not been able to play any matches yet. Rugger being one of those games which require a certain amount of slime and turf if major casualties are to be avoided, we are unfortunately too dependent on the monsoons. But in spite of the failure of the rains this season, we have been able to get up a few games.

K. VARUGIS,
President.

SOCIETIES

Union Society

The Society's work for the second term of the year began on October 2, with the celebration of the birthday of Mahatma Gandhi. Mr. C. Rajagopalachari was the speaker. Dr. M. Adiseshiah presided. The occasion was of particular significance, because the members of the society hailed Gandhiji, though a prisoner of the day, as the accredited leader of the people of India. Rajaji, in his speech, paid great tributes to Gandhiji and ended with a note that Government should release him soon. I earnestly hope that the Union Society will continue to celebrate this great leader's birthday for years to come.

I am glad to announce that a portrait of Gandhiji was presented by the Union Society to the Rural Service League.

On the 26th October, there was a debate when Mr. Balachowdiah moved the proposition that 'a settlement of the communal problem is an essential condition of further political progress in India'. Mr. Ramanunni Menon was the leader of the opposition. Mr. Ramakrishna Pai spoke for, and Mr. Diraviam against, the proposition. In the end, the proposition was defeated. The student-chairman presided. Dr. K. B. Krishna was the observer.

On the 5th November, Mr. S. M. Fossil spoke on 'World Order'. The student-chairman presided. In the course of his speech, Mr. Fossil said that in the new world order to come there would be no place for imperialism and totalitarianism. Domination and exploitation should be put an end to. He was of the opinion that a better world should come out of a better man, which needed a revision of the system of education. Concluding, he said that the old had the understanding and the young the chance, both of whom should, together, work out a new world order where every individual and every nation would be free.

C. B. MOTAIYA,
Secretary.

Christian Union

The activities of the Union came to a standstill towards the end of last term, owing to the political unrest. Several students approached the office-bearers of the Union asking for guidance, as they confronted the present political situation in the country. Though it was felt that members should be vitally interested in the struggle of our motherland, we were not able to give them a definite reply, for the fellowship of the Union was in danger of breaking up. At one of the committee meetings it was decided that every individual is completely free to identify himself with any school of thought that appeals to him.

Our activities for the term commenced with a devotional service which was held on Sunday, the 18th October, in the Selaiyur Hall Theatre with Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah in the chair. Miss George, of the Women's Christian College, spoke on the power and meaning of prayer. In connection with the

N. M. S. week of prayer, a meeting was held on the 10th October in the Bishop Heber Hall chapel. A short and inspiring address was given by Mr. Titus Verghese. An Evacuee Relief meeting was held on Friday, the 6th November, in St. Thomas's Hall. Rev. W. C. Maggs, of Christ Church, Madras, presided over the meeting. Mr. Williams, officer in charge of the refugees in South India, spoke on that occasion.

The annual Provincial Camp was held at Chingleput from the 22nd to the 25th October. More than 100 students attended the camp from our college. This significant achievement was the outcome of earnest and incessant prayer. Some of the members of the committee, who went about asking students to come to the camp, were rather pessimistic about getting a three-figure number. But when they found that their endeavours were crowned with success, they could not but realise that prayer is the most effective weapon in the hands of man in finding an answer to all his problems. An 'Echo meeting' was arranged soon after the camp, and a few students spoke on their impressions of the camp. One student gave out his impression of the camp in the following terms. 'It gave me the challenge to evade nothing and it provided me the ground for faith.'

It is very discouraging to note that students are not making the best use of the study circles. Study circles are the most important and the most constructive work of our movement. Some of the problems of Christian life, which we very often neglect, can be effectively discussed in these study circles. Though we expected to start our membership campaign last term, we could not carry it out owing to the strike situation. We have already started the membership campaign this term and we earnestly hope that many students will enroll themselves as members.

C. J. JOSHUA,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhi Ranjani Sanghamu

The activities of our Sangham were resumed enthusiastically this term and a debate was held under the presidency of Mr. Francis on October 5th. The subject for discussion was 'Is India one nation?'

On 16th October a lecture was delivered by Sri Cha[illegible] Jagannatham, M.A., M.L., of the *Andhra Patrika*. Mr. Narasinga Rao presided.

The members of our association were addressed on October 21st by Sri M. Visweswara Rao, of the Shantiniketan on 'Idealism in Telugu poetry'. The meeting was presided over by E. S. Reddy.

There was a general body meeting on October 27th and some resolutions were passed.

Next term we propose to stage a Telugu drama. Like last year it is proposed to celebrate the Andhra Cultural week in the third week of January 1943. The following have been elected to the Reception Committee formed for the purpose:

Sri V. V. S. Sarma	...	*Member of the Executive Committee.*
,, E. S. Reddy	...	*Publicity Officer.*
,, C. G. Ramasubbu	...	*Member of the Literary Sub-Committee.*
,, M. R. Reddy	...	*Member of the Subscription Sub-Committee.*

All the members are requested to co-operate in making the week a success.

The Telugu Magazine will be published only next term. We propose to have one more debate and a lecture before the end of this term.

V. V. SUBRAMANYA SARMA,
Secretary.

Karnataka Bhashabhivardhini Sangham

Owing to the political disturbances last term, the Sangha could not undertake any activities against the inclination of its members. The inaugural meeting of the Sangha came off, rather late, towards the end of this term.

The outstanding feature of this term's work was the electing a lady as president. This unique distinction is an example set by our Sangha to be followed or imitated by others as best they can.

Sri Vidwan B. Seetharamachar of the Presidency College spoke on the occasion of our inaugural meeting, and Miss M. Ushabai presided. The day was a brilliant success. Sri Seetharamachar's subtle humour provoked peals of laughter from various parts of our pretty large audience. He stressed the point that our attainments in education are useless without the acquisition of that power of expression which enables us to convey our ideas in their true perspective.

This report, I believe, will be incomplete if I do not mention that our Kannada Bhaginis or (Kannadities as we call them) have not lagged behind but have always stood beside us and co-operated with us fully in the service of our Matru Bhasha, the revered Kannada language.

M. SESHAGIRI SETTY,
Secretary.

Malayalee Association

The Onam Day (August 24th) was not celebrated this year, as the students were not in a position to enjoy it, because of the situation in the country. The Committee decided to have a '.Social ' early next term.

A meeting was held on Friday 30th October in Selaiyur Hall when Mr. K. C. Chacko (iv class) spoke on 'Poets and Love Poems'. Mr. George presided.

We will be having another meeting before the end of the term.

K. E. MAMMEN,
Secretary.

Sanskrit Association

The inaugural address was delivered by Captain Srinivasa Murthy, on 5th October. Mr. Venkatakrishna Rao presided.

We propose to hold one more meeting this term.

P. GOPINATHAN NAIR,
Secretary.

Mathematics Association

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Professor A. Narasinga Rao of the Annamalai University. The subject of the address was 'Mathematics and Modern Warfare'. Unfortunately we could not hold any more meetings during the first term. Nor could we make observations of the sky on those cloudy nights.

At the beginning of this term we had an interesting lecture by Mr. K. Chandrasekharan of the Madras University. He spoke on 'Intuitionistic Mathematics'. Next we are going to have the privilege of listening to a lady mathematician speaking on 'The Fairy Land of Mathematics'.

We have made some valuable astronomical observations this term under the expert guidance of Dr. Kibble. Above all we hope to celebrate, as far as circumstances permit, the Silver Jubilee of our Association, this year.

C. P. KURIAKOSE,
Secretary.

Physical Science Society

We express our sincere thanks to the following persons who have addressed the Society so far, on subjects against their names.

Dr. K. S. Krishnan, F.R.S. (Professor of Physics, Allahabad University) ...	Alloys.
Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao (Professor of Physics, Annamalai University) ...	Atmosphere.
Mr. S. Bondade (Additional Professor of Physics, Presidency College)	The Raman Theory of Specific Heats.
Mr. C. N. Mohanarangam (Post-Graduate Student, Madras Christian College) ...	The Magic Particles.
Mr. C. Balakrishnan (Student, Presidency College)	Heisenberg's Principle of Indeterminacy.

U. N. RAMACHANDRA RAO,
Secretary.

Philosophy Honours Association

The general body of the Association met in Bishop Heber Hall on the 30th July 1942. Sri Parthasarathi was re-elected chairman of the Association. Sri Freddie Manikkam, Srimathi Ratna Bai and Sri Jacob Kumaresan were elected to represent the 3rd, 4th and 5th Honours Classes respectively. Owing to the great unrest in the College, resulting from the arrests of our national leaders, there was no prospect of convening meetings during the first term. However, in spite of the fact that there was no improvement in the political situation in the second term, we managed to conduct a meeting successfully, at which Srimathi Parvathi Kumaramangalam spoke on 'the

Political Philosophy of the French Revolution '. Sri Dravyam, who presided, contributed a brief but clear and appropriate supplement to the speech, by way of concluding remarks. The theatre in which the meeting was held, was packed to the full.

ABRAHAM JOSEPH,
Secretary.

Dramatic Society

The Dramatic Entertainment which took place on November 21st consisted of two plays, James Bridie's 'Tobias and the Angel', preceded by Saki's 'The Death Trap'.

Of the latter we can say that it was successful in its own theatrical way. Perhaps the costuming might have been improved upon; there was a little doubt as to the nationality of the khaki-clad figures, a doubt not cleared for us by an outline of the story given beforehand. However, the action soon made the plot abundantly clear. The audience were thrilled by the rapid sequence of dramatic events, excitement reaching its climax at the end. The Prince was convincing. The doctor looked the part. There were some good touches in the acting of the three Officers of the Guards.

'Tobias' was a good play; wise, humorous; producer and cast deserve the highest praise for getting it over in all its wisdom and humour; make-up and costume conspired to assist. Tobit from the make-up point of view was a real triumph of art,—as also, in quite different style, was the demon Asmoday. As regards the costuming, its accuracy did much to create the atmosphere of the play; the colour contrasts were good, and the whole colour effect pleasing to the eye. Much art was seen in the arrangement of the stage; the setting in Act I, Scene I, of bench and stove and seven-branched candlestick was striking in its simplicity. The grouping of actors at the very end of the play was effective indeed. Lighting deserves its word, together with incidental music, both important elements in the presentment of a play; the morning scene, after the demon-haunted night, was especially beautiful.

Of the actual actors, Tobias and the Angel, both were adequate in their parts. Sara looked right, at least. Raguel both looked his part and acted it with some distinction. Asmoday performed his antics cleverly. The outstanding actors were Tobit and Anna; both showed sensitive understanding of their parts. The character of Tobit is perhaps the finest thing in this play, and Mr. Fritschi is to be congratulated on his presentation of the wise and gentle old Jewish saint. The detailed finish of his acting was seen in the fact that his eyes were actually closed until the moment when Tobit is delivered from blindness.

The audience certainly owe thanks to the actors in both plays, and to the various workers behind the scenes, for an evening's entertainment of a very high quality.

E. K. MACNICOL.

The Dramatic Society wishes to express its thanks to all the actors, scene-shifters and others who helped to produce the Annual Entertainment without a single hitch. Special thanks are due to Mrs. Bingle, who in spite

of the scarcity of cloth in the market, provided such excellent costumes, to Mr. K. M. George for his valuable advice and technical hints in the direction of 'The Death Trap', to the Chemistry Department for the manufacture of Asmodeus' fishy fumes, Mr. Raja Ramana for the musical effects, to Mr. Freddie Manikkam for the make-up, U/O Poulose and his U.T.C. volunteers for the arrangements in the Hall and Mr. U. B. Krishnan for publicity and the sale of tickets.

It is noteworthy that the final curtain fell precisely at 8.32 correct to schedule.

K. VARUGIS,
Secretary.

Fine Arts Society

Although the Society functioned more or less successfully last year, there has been very little activity this year. As such there is nothing to report, but we appeal to the members to take some more interest in the Society, for the sake of Art, if not for their own. It is very strange that we are not doing anything substantial to enhance the reputation of the College in this direction, although diverse talents are available. Nevertheless the Society views with satisfaction the services rendered by Sri Freddie Manickam and Sri K. M. Mammen Mappillay. The former is a professional make-up artist who has joined the Philosophy Department; the latter is a budding cartoonist, and one of his productions appears in this issue of the magazine.

ABRAHAM JOSEPH,
Secretary.

History Association

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Dr. Appadorai of the Loyola College who, in the course of the lecture, traced the development of democratic practice and ideas in India. Dr. Adiseshiah introduced the lecturer to the gathering, and Prof. Bingle presided on the occasion.

The second meeting was held in October when Prof. Ramamurthy of Wilson College, Bombay, spoke on 'the Mission of the Historian'. He made a fervent plea for idealism in the historical outlook. Prof. Bingle presided.

On 12th November Mr. Jilani of the Final Hons. Class read a paper on 'Pakistan'. An interesting discussion followed in which Messrs. E. A. Sreenivasan, Srinivasavaradan and others participated. Mr. Titus Verghese presided.

R. J. BASU,
Secretary.

Economics Association

We began our work this year with a course of five lectures by Dr. K. B. Krishna, M.A., PH.D. (Harvard), on 'Planning and India'. The first lecture was on the 'Philosophy of Marxism'. In the second lecture Dr. Krishna gave a very learned but lucid account of the 'Economic Organization of the

U.S.S.R.' The next two lectures were on the 'General theory of Planning' and 'Planning in the U.S.S.R.' In the last lecture, 'A Planned Economy for India', Dr. Krishna recounted the various difficulties facing 'a colonial vassal state' like India, and concluded that only the extermination of the present Imperialist state could initiate or facilitate a programme of successful planning. All the five lectures were widely appreciated.

Nor were our members idle. Early this term, Sri N. R. Srinivasan (IV Hons. Economics) read an instructive paper on 'Problems of Price control and Rationing.' Sri Srinivasan discussed the problems of war-time economic organization and suggested practical ways of meeting these vexing questions. Later on, Sri Mathew Tharakan (member of our teaching staff) read a paper on the classical 'Doctrine of Consumer's Surplus'. The essay was a learned exposition of the Marshallian concept, and the discussion which followed was interesting and illuminating.

We have got an ambitious plan for the rest of the term. Dr. P. S. Lokanathan, M.A., D.SC., has kindly consented to deliver a lecture on 'The Economic Future of India' (27th November). We have also arranged a series of papers by students.

Sri G. Ravindra Varma	...	'The Concept of Material Welfare'.
„ K. N. Raj	...	'Monopoly—Theory and Institutions'.
„ G. Jagatpati	...	'The Theory of Employment and its Application to India'.

We also hope to continue our activities with unabated vigour during the coming term.

G. RAVINDRA VARMA,
Secretary.

English Honours Association

The following office-bearers were elected for the year:

Rev. J. R. Macphail (*President*).
Mr. R. S. Amirtharaj, V Hons. (*Student President*).
Mr. N. Kalyanasundaram, IV Hons. (*Secretary*).

Class Representatives

Mr. R. Srinivasan, V Hons.
Mr. K. Jagadisan, IV Hons.
Mr. Mohamed Yusuf, III Hons.
Miss Elizabeth John (*Lady Representative*).

The first meeting of the year was held on the 15th October when Mr. P. Mahadevan, M.A., of Pachayappa's College, spoke on 'Is Literature enough?' It was a most stimulating talk, lasting an hour, and the speaker emphasised the importance of a comparative study of Sanskrit and English literature. A lively discussion followed. Mr. Macphail presided.

The second meeting was held early in November. Mr. R. Srinivasan, V Hons., read a paper on 'Essays and Essayists'. It was interesting from the very beginning and full of useful information on the subject. Mr. V. K. Kurien, V Hons., presided on the occasion.

We were not able to have more meetings, but we expect to have some really interesting talks next term, when I hope all the members of this association, at least, will attend.

N. KALYANASUNDARAM,
Secretary.

Radio Club

The Club resumed its activities quite enthusiastically this term. Owing to the disturbances caused by the students last term and owing to the political agitation, even though we scientists don't care about politics very much, it was not possible for the club to function in the first term.

The inaugural address of this Club was delivered by Dr. A. V. Moses, M.A., PH.D., our beloved ex-president, on the 12th November. He spoke about the present important 'Universal Valves' which will certainly be of immense use to us at least after the war. Mr. Platten presided over the function. There will be at least another meeting for this term when Mr. D. Krishnaswamy will speak.

T. B. JAMBULINGAM,
Secretary.

Karnatic Music Society

The membership this year is very encouraging, nearly 200 members having joined us. We started our activities with a performance by Sangeetha Bhushanam S. V. Parthasarathy, accompanied by Semangudi Kalyanasundaram on the violin, and by Kalpathi Ramanathan on the mridangam. The performance, as expected, was enchanting. We have decided to sell programme books for every performance to aid the audience in following the concert. The 'proms' sale for the Parthasarathy performance was very encouraging. The Bursar granted us permission to hold one paid performance this year. But due to the many entertainments the students have been having this term, we have decided to utilise his offer in the third term. Our second performance was a veena recital by Sjt. Yegnanarayanan, one of our students. He has a style of playing which is rare even among so-called Veena Vidwans; we visualise a great future for him. The inter-collegiate vocal music competition for the Pennathur Visalakshi Cup was held on 18th November. The Loyola College, the Engineering College, the Queen Mary's College and the Christian College competed. The judges bracketed our college and the Queen Mary's College for the first place. The Queen Mary's College is to hold the trophy for the first six months (ladies first!). We congratulate Miss R. Brinda of the Queen Mary's College and Mr. Thambidorai and Mr. E. D. Srinivasan of our college.

E. A. SREENIVASAN,
Secretary.

Rural Service League

The term under notice has been a particularly active one for the League. The reopening of college after Michaelmas found us all with a renewed consciousness of suffering, so that it was not long before we responded to the urgent call of the famine-stricken villages around us.

On Gandhi Jayanti day about eight-hundred villagers were fed or given rice at the messes, which was made possible by almost all boarders abstaining from midday food that day. A fund was instituted to finance our relief measures. The subsequent response by way of contributions by the staff and students amply justified the promise held out by the afternoon's gathering.

The immediate needs were to make available to the villages food-grains at comparatively cheap rates, provide employment, encourage and help them to 'grow more food' and re-start night-schools with Rama-deepas or Magan-deepas. A grain-depot was opened on the 19th October, selling rice at $3\frac{1}{4}$ measures a rupee, which is slightly lower than the market rate. It has proved a great benefit to the villages; and it is a pity we are able to sell only to the extremely poor families, to whom we have issued ration-cards. Batches of students, each coming one day a week, conduct the sales every evening; and the whole depot is in charge of a member of staff. A little loss has to be incurred, but it is hoped that the major part of the Rural Relief Fund can be used as rolling capital for future emergency.

The college has kindly permitted the clearing of twenty acres of the estate near the Irimbuliyur lake to grow more food, and the task has been entrusted to the League. Work began on the 12th October and it was a source of very remunerative employment to many villagers for some days. More than ten acres have been cleared and it may be possible to raise a crop next term on at least a part of the plot. This scheme of cultivation promises to be very beneficial to the villages and the College Administration deserves grateful thanks for its sanction.

Vegetable gardening at the Rural Centre was started early in October by volunteers under the leadership of a member of staff. Till now the work has been done mostly by one batch of enthusiasts who turn up every evening; but there is much scope for expansion if more volunteers are forthcoming.

Owing to the famine conditions, our literacy campaign has not made much headway. Relief measures have been receiving greater attention, and reconstruction work received a temporary set-back. This can be remedied if there are more volunteers for the various activities. We would earnestly appeal to members who have not volunteered so far to do so now that they are most needed, and to the present volunteers to try and be more regular.

The Variety Entertainment, which was postponed last term, was held on the 17th of October and proved a great success. There was what might well be a 'record' crowd in the Anderson Hall, and the net receipts came to about Rs. 700. This sum is to be utilised entirely for capital expenditure on buildings, implements, etc.

At the Rural Centre, hand-pounding of paddy is going on, even though high prices and uncertain conditions have made it impossible to meet the whole demand from the Halls as we used to do till September. The Collector and the Tahsildar visited the Centre on the 11th October to inspect the well which we have partly dug. A sum of Rs. 250 has since been sanctioned for it, and we are trying te finish the work as soon as possible. Spinning classes continue with twenty boys attending, besides some College students who are making use of the opportunity to learn to spin in the mornings or evenings. Paper-making was started on the 26th October by the expert from one of our

villages, who is assisted by one or two boys. Soon he will be making some hundred sheets a day, when we hope to find a ready market in the college. The poultry-farm now has six leghorn hens and a cockerel with another bird of a local breed which has recently hatched five eggs of the leghorns. We encourage poultry-keeping in the villages by supplying leghorn eggs in exchange for ordinary ones.

The constituent Unions have been continuing regular village visits and allied activities. St. Thomas's Hall has now a box of medicines for one more cheri, Tambaram. Selaiyur has its school-shed re-erected, where it is hoped to conduct literacy work and social activities as successfully as in past years. The Hogg Villa and Lecturers' Colony Union has also succeeded in re-erecting the shed in Mappedu in spite of much difficulty. This cheri very badly needs a well, since the present source of water-supply is very unhealthy and the cause of various diseases. We have moved the Government in the matter and hope to get the sanction. In Tiruvanjeri the well has been completed. We are trying to get for this cheri permission to cultivate fifty acres of adjoining poramboke land which belongs to a Devasthanam in Kanchy. Heber Hall also continues to maintain contact with distant Kadapperi.

The Government has sanctioned the alienation of ten acres of land to the League, and it only remains for us to choose a site sufficiently away from the aircraft landing ground.

It will be noticed that our work has now expanded a good deal so that the problem of finance is growing in prominence. It will not therefore be out of place to say one or two things regarding the financial position. The Rural Relief Fund is entirely due to the peculiar conditions this year, and will be maintained as an emergency reserve. Receipts from the Entertainment will not be touched except for capital expenditure, concrete forms of which are already to be seen at the Rural Centre. Recurring expenses have to be met solely out of the monthly subscriptions which have of late tended to be forgotten or neglected. This latter fact is now the real problem and we appeal for the co-operation of all in solving it. All our accounts are to be audited at the Bursar's Office, and the balance sheets published annually in these pages.

We shall close with a word of thanks to the College Administration for its help and co-operation at various stages, to donors to the Relief Fund, all subscribers and volunteers and to all those who rendered such valuable service in connection with the Entertainment and the relief measures.

J. A. GNANON, P. NARAYANAN — *Joint Secretaries.*

SESHADRI, G. RAVINDRA VARMA, M. NARASIMHA RAO, A. M. GOPAL, B.A. — *Union Secretaries.*

INDIAN DANCE POSES

M. R. KRISHNAMURTI AS MENAKA IN 'MODERN MENAKA'

In the drama, Menaka, a dancer from the celestial court of Indra, attempts to thwart the penance of the sage Visvamitra by her fascinating dances.

HALL REPORTS

Bishop Heber Hall

After the scare of February and the long vacation, Heber welcomed us back in July, with her usual kindness. The void left by many of the seniors was soon filled by the mirth and buoyancy of the juniors. We are told that even Christodoss does not feel home-sick now and that Bose forgets his home in his ping-pong! And so we are again, old and new, working as a team under the broad wings of Heber.

The reception to the Non-residents went off on the 27th of July, followed by an entertainment. The usual routine of Hall life was upset by the political crisis, and the enthusiasm which had till then vented itself in blowing out fuses became directed to greater causes. Thus the end of the first term saw every Heberian with a burning zeal for his country.

With the onset of the chill weather of the second term, the President of the A.B.C. (anti-bathing club) announces that the society has swelled in its ranks! A new set of modern books has been added to the Hall library. The usual Hall Day that is celebrated in the second term was cancelled as all felt that there was not going to be any 'fiddling when the country was burning.'

Let us hope that in the third term we will have a Hall Day in a happier free India.

K. BHUPAL,
General Secretary.

Selaiyur Hall

We began this year with a new Warden, Rev. R. S. Macnicol. Much as we regret the absence of Mr. Martin from our midst, we are glad that his place has been taken by another cheerful person. (Our Warden was married just a few months back.)

One of the chief features of our Hall this year is the presence of High School 'children'. Their presence brings to the Hall an extra quota of cheerfulness and noise.

This year's elections were uneventful. All the candidates 'standing' for the different offices were unanimously elected. This proves, if proof is necessary, that we are united in whatever we do. The alternative explanation that we were indifferent to the elections is, of course, ruled out.

The reception to the Non-Residents which was held shortly afterwards was a thumping success. (Of course they were invited to tea and given lime juice; but which Selaiyurian so base will split hairs when war is at the very gates of India?) After the necessary mutual recriminations between the General Secretary and the representative of the Non-Residents, the function came to a happy close with an entertainment.

The inaugural Hat-Night of the Debating Society was a great success too. The amount of laughter indicated that even in these times of

depression we had not lost our capacity to laugh. Not that we are not capable of laughing even when serious subjects are discussed! Police precautions were taken on this occasion by the Secretary for maintaining law and order, as is the fashion nowadays. In this he was helped by a sturdy 'effective' from the Malabar Special Police; law-breakers suffered bodily transference from the theatre. For those inclined to discuss serious subjects seriously, we have provided study circles about once a fortnight. Chesterton once said that the miracle about miracles is that they do happen. Anyone who witnesses the large gatherings at our 'circles' will have proved for himself the truth of this saying.

The Editor of the Hall Bulletin has announced that it has been found humanly impossible to continue its publication under the new Government of India Press Regulations.

We have this year inaugurated a reform in our Hall life. The Vegetarian Mess is now 'self-managed'. Democracy has triumphed. Members of St. Thomas's Hall may twist their lips in a condescending smile thinking that we copied the scheme from them. But let them not forget that we had been fighting for that long before they got the idea.

We have been greatly agitated by the recent political upheavals in the country. While infuriated mobs were uprooting telegraph posts and burning Government offices, we sorrowfully found that some of the equipment of our Indoor Games Room was missing. We wonder whether Government will think that this was an attempt to paralyse their administrative machine. Only some massive tables have been left behind in the games room. So the Secretary for Games is seriously thinking of introducing weight-lifting as an indoor game.

In the General Body meeting held at the beginning of this term, we adopted a constitution for our Gramophone club. It was a pity that just when the club became 'respectable', the Gramophone Amplifier went out of order. Still, a constitution is a constitution, gramophone or no gramophone.

History was made when Selaiyur and St. Thomas's produced a combined variety entertainment, much to the embarrassment of the Heberians. We will be maintaining the obvious if we say that we kept up our usual high standard of entertainment.

Stop Press: On the acceptance by the Government of the Editor's proposals, we have decided to resume publication of our Hall Bulletin.

K. N. Raj,
General Secretary.

St. Thomas's Hall

The shrouded veil that loomed over our activities, as over those of the whole of India, following the conflict between Government and our leaders, is not completely removed even now. But in the midst of such gloom it will not be an exaggeration to say that we have allowed a streak of light to steal into our lives now and then. As the College settled down after a preliminary high-wave of suspense, which marked the beginning of this term, we in St. Thomas's too fell back to our routine.

The first General Body Meeting of the year was held on Friday the 30th October. The vast trail of questions asked at the meeting, besides representing the various shades of opinion of the members of the Hall, clearly brought to light also some cases urgently requiring attention from psycho-analysts!

The stuff and number of our debates, which have not been very flattering so far, are to be put on a solid basis of substantial improvement, I am told. Perhaps the attempt is a direct consequence of the General Body Meeting.

Hall tournaments in both in-door and out-door games are in full swing in spite of the acute scarcity of sports materials on account of the war.

Our termly entertainment this time was combined with Selaiyur's with a good measure of success. We do not intend to belittle Selaiyur's contribution to the combined performance. . . but justice demands that we should say that the conspicuous superiority of our show carried the day for us, and the tribute for it should go no less to our Entertainment Secretary—Mr. Jesudasan—than to our versatile actors.

CHARLES VELU,
General Secretary.

BOOK REVIEWS

Søren Kierkegaard, the Prophet of the Absolute. BY REV. H. V. MARTIN, M.A., B.D. Pp. vi, 75. 6 As. 1942. Madras, The Christian Literature Society for India.

For half a century or so the English-speaking world was unaware of the stature of the Danish thinker, Søren Aabye Kierkegaard. To-day it readily acknowledges his influence on minds as varied and fertile as those of Höffding, Heidegger, Unamuno, Barth and Chestov. We in our sleepy hollow are still oblivious of the Dane's mighty presence. Mr. Martin's little book is a timely attempt to rouse us from this torpor. As an introduction to what is central in Kierkegaard's teaching, the book is all that we can desire. It is illumined by references to contemporary theologians such as Heim, Barth, Brunner, Berdayaev, and is entirely free from the querulousness which often mars a book like John Bain's *Søren Kierkegaard: His Life and Religious Teaching.* (S.C.M., 1935).

Established Christendom has not yet felt the full impact of Kierkegaard's parting message to the 'plain man':—

> 'Thou plain man! . . . . Every one, unconditionally every one, if he unconditionally wills it, if he will unconditionally hate himself, will unconditionally put up with everything, suffer everything (and this every man can if he will)—then is this endless height (of the Christianity of the New Testament) attainable to him . . . . . But one thing I adjure thee for the sake of God in heaven and by all that is holy, flee the parsons , . . .' (WALTER LOWRIE: *Kierkegaard.* Pp. 581-2).

To present this message, without overstepping the limits prescribed by 'Missionary Theology and Practice', is a task by no means easy. It is all to Mr. Martin's credit that he has succeeded in this task without being disloyal to the spirit of Kierkegaard. To readers unacquainted with the Dane this bald statement is not likely to convey any meaning. For their benefit we give below a sample of the Kierkegaardian material which goes into the making of Mr. Martin's most important chapter, *The Christian Stage.* The selected material will, incidentally, explain the vehemence with which Kierkegaard attacks the 'parson', the typical church official who (in his view) perverts Christianity.

It is usual for the parson to represent Christ as 'some sort of public person' almost as 'serious' as himself—a person, that is to say, who preaches a doctrine but does not awaken in the individual the perception of truth. On the other hand, Christ as we see Him in the New Testament, is wholly concerned with the awakening of that 'self-activity of inwardness' which alone is truth. As a first step in this process of turning the individual in upon himself, Christ brings about a breach in the immediacy (or direct relationship) of the individual to Himself. His method, maieutic in the fullest sense, is inseparable from His life. It is in fact the secret of the startling

antithesis between the extraordinary and the ordinary in Him—the antithesis between His superhuman powers and his palpable humanity, between the blessedness of which He is a living witness and the tribulation which always shadows Him, finally overwhelming Him. In its efforts to penetrate this antithesis, the understanding touches something that is impenetrable—the unrecognizableness of Christ in His essential being, His *incognito* which is 'so sovereignly maintained that He Himself, so to speak, is dominated by it'. In other words, the understanding which sets out to plumb the unfathomable, faces finally not a synthesis but a paradox—the unity of God and an individual man, a man, moreover, lowly and despicable judged by all human standards of worthy endeavour and achievement. The paradox which confronts us here is an offence to common sense and understanding alike[1]; it can be grasped only in the infinite passion of faith. This faith is not 'belief' as it is commonly understood. It is best described as the poignant experience of a certitude which draws upon sheer uncertainty. It takes a man so far away from the snug cosiness of institutional Christianity that, in very truth, he 'lies constantly out upon the deep and with seventy thousand fathoms of water under him. However long he may lie out there, there is no assurance that little by little he will find himself lying upon land, stretched out at his ease.' (*Stages on Life's Way*, p. 402).

This summary of Kierkegaard's essential teaching, based mainly on his *Training in Christianity*, is hopelessly inadequate. Nevertheless, it will give the reader some idea of the tremendous difficulties facing any one who sets out to interpret the Danish master. Mr. Martin has grappled with these difficulties and achieved a lucidity and a precision which are but rarely marred by distortions of Kierkegaard's thought. To mention one of these rare instances of distortion, Kierkegaard's *swimmer* with seventy thousand fathoms under him figures in Mr. Martin's outline as a man in a boat out at sea. (Perhaps the boat is intended for the ship which has sprung a leak appearing in a quotation from the *Concluding Unscientific Postscript to the Philosophical Fragments* in WALTER LOWRIE : *op. cit.*, p. 318.)

A second instance of distortion occurs in Mr. Martin's treatment of the idea of eternal truth coming into existence in time. For Mr. Martin the idea is elucidated by the analogy of light passing through a prism and getting broken up into colours. For Kierkegaard, on the other hand, eternal truth or God 'is not, as it were, broken up and partially present in each and wholly present to himself through a sort of succession.' 'He is wholly present in his presence, absolutely present in every individual, wholly present in each and yet in all.' (*The Journals of Søren Kierkegaard*, entry 326). That the absolute should present itself wholly to a finite mind is a paradox for epistemology. The source of the paradox is that God is spirit and that one can only have a spiritual relationship to spirit. A spiritual relationship is *eo ipso* dialectical. (*Journals*, entry 763). God can never be an *object* to the human understanding. (*Journals*, 620). Yet as consciousness or the cognitive spirit is the root of all understanding of objects, God cannot be regarded merely as

[1] It is significant that British theology finds it difficult to assimilate this thought. Witness for instance Birch Hoyle's hesitation 'to subscribe to the Kierkegaardian view of the Incognito'. (*The Teaching of Karl Barth*, p. 256.)

the 'Unknowable'. He is *known* as logically unfathomable being, the truth which is beyond all immediate certainty, the certitude based on our very incertitude. The inexplicable character of the absolute as viewed by the human understanding is due to the ontological relation between the cognitive spirit and eternal truth. (*Journals*, entry 633).

C. T. R.

The Political Philosophies Since 1905. Vol. II, Parts II & III. By Benoy Kumar Sarkar, Lahore, 1942, pp. 558 and 356. Part II Rs. 12, Part III Rs. 5.

These two volumes constitute an excellent bibliography and reference book for readers who like to have a bird's eye-view of all important publications on the subject, ranging from newspaper contributions to the most epoch making book. These large volumes leave the reader with a deep sense of respect and awe for the author. Yet the book cannot lay claim to any originality either in new contributions or in interpreting or criticising the trends of modern thought. To one who has no acquaintance with modern thought the present book may be misleading in one sense. It does not make the reader realise the importance of the books reviewed therein, and if he is credulous he may close the book with the impression that an editorial in the *Advance* of Calcutta is as important as Keyne's *General Theory.* Some of the important books of the last decade have received much less attention than they deserve. For instance Professor Toynbee's *Study of History* is given three pages. Mannheim's *Ideology and Utopia* is dismissed with less than two pages and his *Man and Society* with a paragraph. It would have been more useful if the learned author had concentrated on some important books to the exclusion of less important literature. But this is not to deny the value of the book. The author's own contributions, though at times taxing on account of the intrusion of too many German words, are full of suggestive ideas. The author's attempts to review his own works objectively are quite interesting. The discussion on Population Problems and the section on Masaryk will be found stimulating. His essay, a preface to Mr. Abdus Sadague's Indian Constitutional Tangle is full of illuminating observations and his remark at the close, 'How a constitution (within the empire) is to be named is but a matter of sentiment, legal sense and political camouflage' leaves the reader rattled.

The addition of these volumes to a library may have the effect of encouraging students to quote big names and works without reading them!

K. J. M. T.

Dear Sir. By K. D. Aga, B.Com., Bombay, New Book Co., 1941. Pp. 118. Price Re. 1-4.

Mr. Aga has written a helpful book. He does not attempt to tell his readers what is found in standard books on 'Commercial Correspondence.' He seeks mainly to supplement what is not found in these books that are readily available. Hence the alternate title 'A Between-The-Lines Book On Business Letter Writing'.

The Chapters on 'Journalese', 'Quoth The Babu' etc. are both amusing and instructive. Throughout the book the author pleads for directness and simplicity in business letters as in conversation. 'Arrange to liquidate' is senseless *Journalese* for 'please pay'. Scores of such phrases are referred to in the book. Besides warning his readers against common faults in language, the author gives many helpful suggestions in regard to business stationery, interviewing an employer, and other matters incidental to persons seeking a successful business career. The book, which makes pleasant reading throughout, is well worth its price.

J. D. A.

COLLEGE NOTES

The New Term

The second term began on September 23 with the quarterly examinations which had been postponed to that date. Thereafter the work of the college went on without further interruption. Reports of Societies and Halls, published elsewhere, point to increased activity on the part of the students after the restlessness of August.

Appreciations of Dr. Skinner

The second part of the article on Dr. Skinner by Rao Bahadur O. Kandaswamy Chetty appears in this number. Mr. Chetty feels he has so much to say, and is so enthusiastic over his task, that the editor has asked him to make it a series with a third and final article which will appear in the March issue. Mr. Titus Varghese writes an appreciation of a teacher he revered. He was a student of Dr. Skinner during the last decade of his service in the college, whereas Mr. Chetty was at college when Dr. Skinner first arrived to join the staff as Professor.

Our Graduates

Degrees were conferred on 123 of our graduates at the Convocation held on November 26. These are distributed as follows: B.A.—43; B.Sc.—43; B.A. (Hons.)—21; B.Sc. (Hons.)—10; M.A.—6. The Professors and the Committee of the College Day Association were at home to the new graduates in Selaiyur Hall on November 27. At the meeting which followed the tea, Mr. Boyd, who was in the chair, welcomed the graduates back to a place which he hoped they had come to regard as their spiritual home. Rao Sahib S. R. Ranganathan, of the Madras University Library, spoke words of welcome on behalf of the College Day Association, and Mr. Basil Manuel of Voorhees College, Vellore, replied for the graduates. Mr. Sanjivath Kamath proposed the vote of thanks. We hope our graduates will become subscribers to the College Magazine, and keep in touch with us thereby.

College Prizes

Our congratulations to the following who have been awarded prizes for 1942:—

FIRST CLASS

The Lord Pentland Prize ... C. M. David.
The Amjud Prize ... R. D. Indrasenan.

Group i ... M. Panchappa.
" ii ... K. V. Thiruvengadam.
" iii ... V. Karthikeyan.

Second Class

The Junior Miller Prize ...	G. Chandrasekharan.
The Ilayalwar Chetti Silver Medal ...	R. Radhakrishnan.
The Chinnaswami Pillai Prize ...	K. Diraviam.
The Rajagopala Rao Prize ...	K. S. Raghavendra Rao.

Group i ... The Ramiah Gold Medal and Prize—T. K. George.
„ ii ... The Amjud Gold Medal—P. Ramankutty Nair.
„ iii ... M. S. Venkataramani.

III B.A.

The Gunn Gold Medal ...	Basheerulla Farukhi.
The Ethiraj Pillai Prize ...	K. S. Mani.
The Rajagopala Rao Prize ...	T. Srinivasa Mudali.

Group i ... T. Srinivasa Mudali.
„ ii ... The Sir Krishna Nair Prize—S. N. Raman Nambissan.
„ iv ... The Russel Prize—(1) M. Sekharan (2) B. A. Balachowdiah

IV B.A.

The Miller Gold Medal and Prize ...	M. Venkatasubbiah.
The Ripon Gold Medal ...	J. F. Stirling.
The Setupati Gold Medal ...	S. Ethirajan. A. Shanmugavelu.
The Sanskrit Prize ...	P. Narayanan.
The Skinner Gold Medal and Prize ...	J. F. Stirling.
The Rajagopala Rao Prize ...	S. Subbarayudu.

Group i ... The Ross Prize—P. Sabanayagam.
„ ii ... The Aberdeen Prize—T. R. Gopalaswami.
„ iv ... The Thurso Prize—E. V. Somasundaram.

III B.Sc.

Group ii ... P. N. Sundaram.
„ iii ... M. Krishna Pai.
„ iv ... C. Purniah.
„ v ... G. Rajan.

IV B.Sc.

Group ii ... Miss Meenakshi Bai
„ iii ... M. J. Simon.
„ iv ... K. S. Venkataramani.
„ v ... K. N. Kumarakrishnan.

HONOURS CLASSES

The Morren Gold Medal and Prize	...	S. N. Sastri.
The Miller Philosophy Prize	...	P. M. Ramachandran.
The Kellett Prize (English)	...	A. Ninan.
" (History)	...	A. Achutakrishnan.

SPECIAL

The Hoare Prize	...	V. Govindankutty.

The Magazine Board

The new Board is constituted as follows:

Literary Editor: Yusuf Namazie.
News Editor: K. N. Raj.
Class Editors: M. S. Venkataramani (Honours and B.Sc.).
B. A. Balachowdiah (IV).
S. Ponniah (III).
M. Panchappa (II).
S. Kannappan (I).

We are grateful to our readers for their response to our appeal for contributions. Some good articles, paintings and photographs have been kept back for want of space, we hope to publish at least a few of these in our next issue.

PREACHERS AT THE COLLEGE SERVICE

Second Term—1942-43

Sept. 27	...	E. J. Bingle, Esq.
Oct. 4	...	Rev. J. E. L. Newbigin, Conjeeveram.
11	...	Dr. S. Jesudason, Tirupattur.
18	...	Rev. S. S. Clarke, Zion Church, Madras.
25	...	Rev. J. R. Macphail.
Nov. 1	...	Rev. M. S. Adiseshiah.
8	...	Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
15	...	Rev. W. C. Maggs, Christ Church, Madras.
22	...	Rev. T. G. Koshy.
29	...	Rev. W. H. Hulbert, Guindy.
Dec. 6	...	Rev. T. G. Platten.

A College Devotional Service was held on Monday, November 23, and the preacher was the Principal.

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